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Characterism,

OR, THE
Modern Age display'd;

BEING

An Attempt to expose the pretended Virtues
of both Sexes;

WITH

A POETICAL ESSAY on each Character.

In Two PARTS.

First, Of the LADIES,

Second, Of the GENTLEMEN.

*Si mala condiderit in quem quis Carmina, Jus est,
Judiciumque———sed bona si quis,
Judice, condiderit, laudatur Cæsare.*

Hor

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THE
Author's Apology
TO
BOTH SEXES,
By WAY of
P R E F A C E.

LADIES, your humble Servant. If I had not a greater Respect for your kind Sex, than I believe some of you have for your selves, I would no more have presented you with the following Sketch of your Deformities, than I would have preached a Lecture in Contempt of Villany at one of the Counter-Gates; or have sung a Ballad against ill Language, in the Middle of Billingsgate Fish-Market. But I heartily protest, I have so great an Honour for you, that I love you as well as a righteous Priest ought to do his sinful Parishioners; and therefore, like

P R E F A C E.

the good Man, have taken upon me, to reflect a little closely upon the Failings of the Petticoat, that blushing at the Sight of your amorous Back-slidings, and other fashionable Vanities, you may be shamed, and rallied into a future Forbearance of the like Vices. And if I can but persuade you to be of an Opinion, that what I have here presented you is designed for your Good, then you cannot but allow, that the Honesty of my Intention has a Title to your Pardon; but if on the contrary, you happen to think, that I only meant to strip you of your greatest Security, viz. your Sham-Modesty, on purpose to expose your naked Infirmitieſ to the Wonder and Ridicule of your Champion-Admirers, who, I know, are as ready to defend you from Satyr, as the Cappadocian Knight was the fair Damsel from the Claws of the Dragon. I can readily guess how far I shall conjure up your Female Indignation, and shall think it a Happiness, if I escape the Censure of being deemed an Eunuch, if not a worse Monster, for not diverting your Vapours by such accustomary Adulations, as you are apt to think your Perfections have a Title to, tho', upon my Word Ladies, if you knew but all, you would sooner brand me with a quite opposite Character, and swear, in Revenge, I had been some Petticoat Pensioner; but discarded of your Favours, to make room for some more strenuous Competitor, had therefore resolved to spit my Venom at the fair Sex, who had so slightingly rewarded my past good Services.

How-

P R E F A C E.

However, censure as you please, I shall make but a slender Apology ; and that is, I think it an honest Task to let the vicious see their naked Picture, that they may have a true Prospect of their own Deformities, than to furnish them with a Cloak for their growing Levity, and to flatter them in their Vices.

The virtuous, I m^t satisfied, will have no Reason to be in the least offended ; and as for those Ladies who have acquired the Knack of looking as innocent as Angels, whilst the Devil himself has an Asylum under their Petticoats, who vainly imagine they blind us to their Infirmitie^s, by their subtle Managements, unless they are arrived at that Pitch of Politeness, as to out Face all ; or who cover their Intrigues with their formal affected Devotions : The following Characters are to let them see, that notwithstanding their Policy, they are not too cunning to be catch'd. However, this Assurance I dare confidently give them, viz. That there is no manner of Reflexion levelled at any certain Person whatsoever. So that any Lady, tho' never so conscious of her own Failings may venture boldly to ransack the whole Book, without the Danger of finding herself exposed, or pointed at in the least Particular, which assurance, I hope will, in some measure, extenuate my Offence, and abate their Prejudice, that I may not, in their angry Mood, be doom'd to be claw'd to Death by unmerciful Wild-Cats ; especi-

P R E F A C E.

especially, when they consider, in Honour to their Sex I have given them the Precedency of so many Worthy Gentlemen, who in my Opinion, are as rarely qualified for their good Company as any Gallants they can desire to be Kiss'd by.

But should the Criticks enquire, why I should dishonour the Male-Sex so far as to put them in the Rear of so many Female Tittle-Tattles? I bumbly desire they would be so kind to consider, that the Book consists c*i*fly of Characters of vain, ridiculous, and vicious Persons of both Sexes; and I doubt not, but they will readily grant, that Men can never be truly foolish or compleatly wicked, without they are Followers of Women; and if so, it is a plain Indication, that the Ladies in this Case, ought to have Place before them.

Now Gentlemen, a Word to the Wise, I hope will be sufficient. As to your Parts, I earnestly intreat you, that you would not misconstrue any thing that you find among the Male Characters to the Injury of the Author, or the Dishonour of any great Person now living; for I solemnly declare, that all those Images that seem the most bold, and may unhappily be thought, by injudicious Readers, to carry along with them a kind of daring Presumption, are drawn from the Histories of such ambitious Gentlemen as in former Times have taken irregular Courses to advance their own Grandeur at the Hazard of their Prince,

P R E F A C E.

Prince, and to the Detriment of the Public. Therefore as I have presented Nothing therein, but a Ward-Robe of old Apparel under a modern Name, I hope no Body will prove so ill natured, as to put a Knaive's Jacket upon an honest Man because they may both happen, in the Sight of the World to be of equal Proportion. And as for him, that is so foolish to challenge another's Doublet, because he thinks it fits him, if he chance to find any Bugs in the Collar that may provoke him to scratch beyond Patience, he may thank himself for his imprudent Choice: for he that will jump into a Bed of Nettles, or chuse an Ant-hill for a Cushion, deserves to be punish'd for the smarting Consequence of his own Folly.

As to the Book, I shall say but little. Those who have a mind to know what is in it, let them buy it, read it, and then judge of it; for that must be allow'd to be the best way; because it will satisfy the Bookseller, as well as the Reader.

But thus far I will venture to assure the World, that whosoever goes thro' with the following Characters, will find themselves entertain'd with Satire without Spite; Novelty without Fiction, Pleasantry without Impudence; and abundance of Truth without personal Reflection. Which is all I shall promise.

So Farewell

THE
C O N T E N T S.

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Newcastle 1703



THE

Modern Age Display'd, &c.

THE

HYPOCRITICAL LADY.



HEN she walks along the Streets, she moves like a Female Ghost in some piteous Tragedy, just risen from the Grave to terrify her ungrateful Lover. When she sits, her Posture is so affected and formal, and her Eyes as well as her Limbs, so reserved and motionless, that no Man by Candle-Light can easily without the Use of his Feeling distinguish her from a Piece of Queen Elizabeth in Wax-Work. If she courtesies, (t^o it must be supposed she hates Popery,) she will cross her Hands upon the Bottom of her Stomacher, and then drop her Compliment, which is paid with

B

that

that Gravity, Leisure and Affectedness, as if the bending her pious Knees brought the Cramp into her Hams, or Sciatica into her Hips, that hinder'd her from rising : When ever she speaks, 'tis with Affectation and as much Tone and Formality, as an enthusiastic Preacher ; so that a nimble tongu'd Gossip might tell a short Story betwixt every Word.

The Dialect she uses is laboriously glean'd from the *Old Testament*, and to hear her talk with her Family, one would think they heard a *Sarah* or *Rebecca* complimenting their Husbands with the worshipful Names of Lord and Master. By a long Habit of Hypocrisy, she has at last dissembled herself into so gloomy a Temper, that she can talk of nothing but the Sins of *Israel*, or what strange Dreams she had last Night about the New *Jerusalem*. She never entertains her Visitors with a long winded Story, but to be sure it is some misapplied one out of the Prophets, which was told her but the *Sunday* before at some whining Conventicle. When she leaves off her Stockings, before she gives them to her Chamber-Maid, she rubs them out at the Knees, that the silly Wench may believe she has pray'd them to Pieces by much kneeling, and from thence take Occasion to report her Godliness to her Neighbours. She is very exact in keeping all her Family to their holy Exercises, and must every Night as she fits cross-legg'd before the Fire, with a Screen in her

her Hand to save her Beauty from scorching, hear the youngest Apprentice read a Chapter or two in the Bible, whilst she nods away half an Hour, like a slumbering Cat in a Chimney Corner: But as for the eldest Apprentice, it's ten to one, notwithstanding her Piety, but she decoys him to study the Book of *Genesis* in his Master's Absence, which she afterwards tells him, she only does for his Soul's Good, because he should not be tempted to run astray among the wicked and reprobate. Having had her Education among the true stamp'd puritan Saints, she'll out-whine a *German Mumper*, out-cant a Lady Abbess, and out-sigh a Widow at the Funeral of her Husband. If you mention a Syllable of the Church, 't's all Popery and Abomination, according to the passionate Doctrine of her fanatic Teacher, who delivers himself with as much Vehemence in his Tub, as if he was a Pagan demoniac Oracle. If you happen to hint a merry Jest, she'll cry out: *O that the Tongue which was made to praise the Lord, should be guilty of such Prophaneness and Back-sliding!* For tho' she loves Lewdness in Fact, as well as an Evening-Lecture, yet she is so much in the Right, as to seem to hate it in Theory. But a canting Harangue upon absolute free saving Grace, or a new Birth, administers the greatest Comfort to her poor sinful Soul, of all the Elixirs in the World, barring a secret Brother predestinated Saint, or a Dram of the most nice spirituous

Liquor. She's a Lady of that wonderful Devotion as well as admirable Patience, that to do her Justice, she always prays much louder than she scolds; and when she reads a Chapter in the Parlour, the Apprentices may hear her in the Shop, and her Maids edify in the Garrets; for she thinks modest devout Reading to herself is akin to robbing her Family of the Benefit of the Scriptures; She's an excellent House-Wife at all culinary Performances, except minc'd Pies and Plumb-Cakes, for those she holds to be such unsanctified Food, such expensive Abominations, and such vain Popish and superstitious Symbols, that they ought not to be eaten in a Protestant Country: But as for the nice roasting of a Capon, the critical boiling a stuff'd Side-Saddle of Beef, the excellent ordering of a primitive Bag-Pudding, or the Buttering of a Dish of Colly-Flowers, this she is so great an Artist at, that the King's Cook, she will tell you, would fall short of her.

To express her Charity, she is a She Quack by Profession, and disperses her Sovereign Medicines five Miles around her, at the Hazzard of her Neighbours Lives, and Comfort of their Families. She has not an unauthorised Recipe, but she hopes God will give a Blessing to it, because it was communicated to her by a Non-Conformist's Widow. She has a most religious Care in the Education of her Children, and is so very timerous they should wander from the Truth, as she calls it, that she would have them believe

believe, shou'd they ever look into a Common Prayer Book, they would certainly have sore Eyes for seven Years after ; or should they ever chance to step into the Church, out of a vain Curiosity to see the *Dagen Idol* there, that they wou'd be struck with the Falling-sickness ; and be ever after number'd amongst the Reprobate.

By such Sort of Scare-crows she frights her Children from the Steeple-house, in her Dialect, and renders it as terrible to their childish Imaginations, as if the most Holy of all Sanctuaries was fill'd with nothing but Raw-head and Bloody-bones ; and by such Sort of Witchcraft preserves them within the Pale of her own ignorant Persuasion, till Custom and Prejudice have too far confirm'd them in the sinful Errors of their Parents. She is a declar'd Enemy to all Gossiping, because she hates, before others, either to tipple, or talk merrily, tho' she can drink in her own Bed-chamber with a holy Familiar of her own Tribe, till the hypocritical Mixture of Religion and Liquor, has made them as fuddled, and as leacherous as *Bacchanals* in a Company of *Satyrs* ; yet she can hiccup over her Prayers, as soon as left by her Companion, with as laudable a Grace, as if at the same she was inspir'd with Holiness and *Aqua-vitæ*. Tho' but Young herself, she has a mighty Veneration for Gospel Antiquities, as she calls them, and therefore thinks it Abundance of Pity, that so religious a Dres as the Ruff and Fardingale, worn in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days, shou'd

shou'd ever be superanuated. Of all Recreations she's the greatest Enemy to Dancing, because she will tell you, with a grave religious Air, that the Head of a King's sincere Counsellor, and a Prophet, was made the Reward of a lustful Jigg : Tho' after all her ghostly Reading, she is apt to think, that our original Parents, by tasting the forbidden Fruit, only exchang'd one Paradise for another. She has all the Bible indigestedly heap'd up in her Memory, tho' it lies there more confusedly than old News-papers on a Coffeehouse Table, containing the never elsewhere read of Victories in foreign Kingdoms ; and shou'd you ask her a Question in *Genesis*, 'tis ten to one but she will answer you in the *Apocrypha* or *Revelations* : Yet her Tongue is tipp'd with holy Scraps and Fragments, that she cannot spread a Plaister for a cut Thumb, without a Text of Scripture.

She is so heartily concern'd for the Wickedness of others, that she has contracted a kind of Palsy, by shaking her Head at her Neighbours Sins, but is so very forgetful of her own Transgressions, as if she never offended Heaven without a Pardon in her Pocket. In short, she is a She Fanatic, preach'd out of her Senses, but not her Iniquities ; a precise Changling, almost divested of the very Air of Humanity ; an intractable Creature, filled with nothing but Pride and religious Whims, fantastical Punetlios, ridiculous Decorums, and only a fit Companion for a formal lewd Hypocrite ; for, like

a true modern Saint, she can pray in Appearance, act the Whore in Reality, and outwit the Devil, if possible, with a false Shew of Devotion and Piety.



A DESCANT,

On RELIGION and HYPOCRISY.

*RELIGION thou Celestial Pow'r,
That fills the Mind with Light,
Thou mak'st the raptur'd Bosom shine
With Rays for ever bright.*

*No Mists of Thought impure defile
The Breast where all is clear;
For when thou in the Soul resid'st,
The Court of Heaven is there.*

*Desires as fair as Light prevail,
And Virtue reigns confess,
Riches may gild the Scene of Life,
By thee we're truly blest.*

*Not so Hypocrisy : That Ape
Of Virtue's heavenly Grace.
The Bawd to Vice, that draws a Blush
O'er Modesty's sweet Face.*

See !

See ! by such *Art Fictitia* shine,
 That courtly spotless Dame ;
 To hear her talk, you'd think she felt
 A bright Seraphick Flame ;

Who can with saintly Looks and Eyes,
Devoutly cast above,
Indulge the grossest Thoughts of Lust,
And lewdest Scenes of Love.

Who while she ravish'd seems to Heav'n
By Contemplation's Charms,
In wild Idea panting raves
In some wish'd Clodio's Arms.

Then generous Youth avoid the Snare,
That would your Peace destroy ;
There's not a Prude of all the Sex,
But has her secret Joy.

Will pray, cornute with tearful Eyes,
And trifle with your Fame ;
Be on your Guard, nor blindly buy
False Bliss with lasting Shame.



T H E

F E M A L E P E D A N T.

SHE is the Mimic of a Scholar, as a Monkey is of a Man, and apes him in every Thing as near as possible, on Purpose to be thought as rational a Creature. She is a profound Diver into the Secrets of Nature, and the Mysteries of Generation ; and upon this Account desires to know Greek, that she might read *Aristotle de Animalibus* in the Original. To satisfy the same Curiosity, she is commonly a great Proficient in the Arts of *Chymistry* and *Midwifry* ; the former leads her into the whimsical Search after the Philosophers Stone, but by a few nocturnal Speculations in the latter, she soon begins to fancy a greater Pleasure in the plural Number, which Discovery she is so particularly pleased with, that she ever after looks upon it as particularly worthy of a brisk Lady. Visit her when you please, you shall as surely find her with a Book in her Hand, as a Watchman at Midnight with his Candle and Lanthorn ; and if you look but in it, you will certainly catch her upon some abstruse Topic, beyond the Reach of her Under-

C standing ;

standing ; for her Endeavours are rather to seem Wise, than to be really so. Having had the Misfortune of having been taught Grammar, she is a worse Plague to a Country Pedant, than he is to the Company he keeps ; and of all the Nouns, she is the greatest Enemy to a Noun Adjective, because it is such a feeble Tool, as not to be able to stand by itself : She pelts his Ears all Dinner-time with her *Latin* Scraps, which she recites as imperfectly, and applies as wretchedly as a half learned Parrot in his talkative Humour, does some bawdy Jest, or Sarcasm against Cuckoldom. But the rural Pædagogue must blush, with Patience, at her vain Impertinencies, as a female Frailty, because nothing recommends him as a welcome Guest to her bountiful Bag-pudding, so much as his sheepish Bashfulness or Ignorance. She is such an arrant Sceptist in Matters of Religion, that she seldom professes the same Faith, or continues fix'd in any one Principle two Days together ; and is so terrible a Tease to the holy Robe, with her cramp Questions in Divinity, that she can scarce prevail upon a Country Curate to come and crave a Blessing on her Sunday's Dinner, but is forced to be content to have her Roast-beef sanctified by some of her own Family. She is so great an Admirer of hard Words, that you would guess, by her Conversation, she had been tutor'd by a Surgeon, or nurs'd up in the Laboratory of some pragmatical Alchymist. If her Dinner displeases

displeases her, she will tell you, perhaps, that her Pudding is *Non compos mentis*; and if you ask her Meaning, she will reply, *It is not boil'd enough*; for she thinks it one Part of Scholar-ship to speak hard Words, and another to understand them. She is so highly addicted to this Sort of Crambo Vanity, that she thinks it a Dishonour to her Quality, and a Scandal to her Education, to scold in *English*, and therefore seldom gives her Husband a Curtain Lecture but in *French* or *Italian*; and uses such crabbed Language in her Passion to her Servants, that she makes them fly like Lightning from her Fury, for fear of having their Ears wounded with Nails and Tenter-hooks.

She cares not for the Company of her own Sex, because she thinks them too illiterate for her learned Conversation; for as the common Topics of their familiar Tittle-tattle, are the Humours of their Husbands, the Carelessness of their Servants, or the Wittiness of their Children, she must always be aspiring above such humble Subjects, and make a Criticism at least upon some modern Comedy, wherein perhaps the Poet has disoblig'd her Ladyship, by coming a little too close to her own singular Character. Besides having the Advantage of a high-flown Dialect, and a nimble Tongue, she is so malapert among her gifted Sisters, that they dare not prattle in her Presence, for fear of exposing their Ignorance to the back-biting Lash of so Scholastic a Lady, who, they must

needs judge by themselves, will omit no Opportunity of exposing the Failings of her Sex, that her own Discretion may take place, and her Virtues be magnified above the dim Perfections of her Neighbours ; for all her Qualities are Stars of the first Magnitude, and those of others, but, at best, misty ones ; so that she is fear'd and envy'd as much by her Rivals of the feminine Gender, more ignorant than herself, as they are despised by her, for want of those masculine Acquirements that shine, at best, in a female Genius, but like a Rush Candle thro' a Paper Lanthorn. Besides her grammatical Progress thro' the eight Parts of Speech, and her subtle Enquiry into *As in presenti*, she has a Smattering of the *French*, as well as *Latin*, and has the Vanity to think herself so compleat a *Mademoiselle*, as to out chatter her *French* Taylor in his native Language.

She is greatly affected with every new Fashion *Alamode de Pare*, and is apt to assert, there is more Breeding in a *French* Cobler, than in a *Dutch* Colonel. The Care of her Family is such a homely Piece of Housewifry, that it is a Task too low for the Sublimity of her Thoughts ; for when she ought to be in her Kitchen, she's retir'd into her Closet, and instead of performing the Duty of a prudent Wife, she's making the Study of Philosophy ridiculous, by labouring in vain after more Knowledge than Nature design'd her, or else cozening her Family into a false Opinion of her

her studious Life, by peeping into the Bottle instead of her Books, and inspiring her Brains with a Dram of cool *Nantz*, instead of improving her Understanding with the mouldy Sentiments of her gilded Authors, who are ranged about her with their Names on their Backs, that she may open the leather Breeches of some lustful baudy Author, and delight herself in private with whatever she finds most fitting for the Entertainment of a refined Lady.

She is so vigilant an Enquirer after all bookish Novelties, whether Sermons, Poetry, or Politics, that she no sooner hears of a noisy new Pamphlet, tho' she be ten Miles from *London*, but a Servant must be dispatch'd, upon the easiest trotting Coach-Horse, to her *Covent-Garden* Bookseller, hail, rain, or shine, to fetch the Paper Prodigy, that her Curiosity may be satisfied, and her Thirst after Learning a little quenched for the present, till it be raised again by another fresh tempting Offspring of some other teeming Noddle. No sooner has her looby Emissary brought the new-born Darling to his Lady's Arms, but this printed Issue of laborious Brains, is immediately hugg'd into her modern Library, where it is forced to stand the severe Censure and Criticism of her judicious Ladyship, who after all her Pretences to refined Learning, has only, by her much reading, spoil'd a good Pudding-maker, and neglected those useful, tho' humble culinary Arts, more properly adapted to a female Genius, to make

make herself that prodigious uncouth kind of a Hermaphrodite, a deeply-read Lady.

Among the rest of her Vanities she's a mighty Poetess, and has so ready a Talent at Lampoon and Satire, that her unfortunate Spouse cannot commit an Oversight, or unhappily lapse into the least Error, but his Faults shall be versified to her Chamber-maid, and the poor Gentleman be scourg'd by her poetical Cat of Nine-tails, thro' his whole Acquaintance, and perhaps those of her's ; nor shall any of her own Sex escape her Flirts, that give her but the least Occasion to exercise her Faculty. And that the World may be sensible of her extraordinary Merit, she has perhaps presented them with a *French* Novel, translated into *English* by a Lady of Quality, which tho' it wants her Name, yet her Vanity takes Care no Body shall rob her of the Glory, for she whispers it about, as a great Secret, to some of her own Sex, which she has Sense enough to know is the readiest Way of Publication, till at last she has the Honour to be every where complimented as the most ingenious Translator ; nor truly would she stop here, but adorn the Stage with some polite Comedy, were not the Dulness and Ingratitude of the Age so monstrous, as to have little or no Taste of female Performances, and the Wits of the male Gender so partial to themselves, as to engross all the Applause, and allow no Share of the Bays to the fair Sex ; who, if they had but the Encouragement due to their Merits,

Merits, wou'd soon write the Men out of Reputation, as sure as they are now able to talk them out of their Senses. When her Ladyship's in Town, she's so constant a Benefactress to His MAJESTY's loyal Comedians, that she wou'd much rather neglect her Prayers in the Morning, than the Play-house at Night; and notwithstanding her great Learning, has so short a Sight of the Duties of Religion, that she runs away with the mistaken Notion of a Libertine, and is apt to fancy the Stage full as instructive as the Pulpit, forgetting the Vices and Vanities that always wait upon the one, and the Piety and Virtue that arise daily from the other. Her greatest Mortification is, to want new Apparel against a new Play, for if she's neither complimented for her Wit, admired for her Dres, nor ogled for her Beauty, she'll not favour the Poet with a Clap, or the Audience with a Smile, but return home as much out of Humour, as if her Gallant had slighted her for a new Mistress. She is so highly opinionated of her own Wit, that she thinks it derogates from her Character, for any Body to be commended for the same Talent in her Presence, and will look as scornfully as if at the same time they had droll'd upon her Ladyship, and disparag'd her to her Face: But the grossest Flatteries are welcome to her Ears, and delightful to her self-conceited Sufficiency; for she has the over-grown Vanity to be thoroughly persuaded, she has an absolute Title

to

to the most superlative Encomiums. Her very Husband, tho' an ingenious Gentleman, must submit, in all things, to her better Judgment, or else as warm a Dispute must presently arise about Superiority of Wisdom, as ever was heard in a Convocation of Presbyters, about the Alteration of the Liturgy ; and if he be not a little frenchified, as well as his Competitor, he must expect to be call'd as many dull Blockheads, in broken *French*, as if her well-bred Ladyship had been a *Calais* Fish-woman ; if the poor Man be not cuckolded by a politer Gentleman into the Bargain ; for if a Woman can gratify her Revenge by hornifying her Husband in a clandestine Act, she will think it a Satisfaction to upbraid him with the same in an unknown Language : Yet she thinks it a great Misfortune, for a Woman of her excellent Acquirements, to be liable to the Aspersion of her Sexes Infirmitie ; for tho' they are weak and fickle, she is wise and constant ; tho' they are silly and unread, she is learned and witty ; tho' they are timorous and bashful, she is bold and courageous ; tho' they are amorous and yielding, she can be pitiless and impregnable—*to Age or Infirmity*. Therefore she wisely wishes to be metamorphosed into the male Sex, were it not for any other Reason, but to be conversant with those refined Creatures called Wits in the Coffee-houses at the polite End of the Town ; that she might enjoy the Company of such a heavenly Society, and manifest her

her own distinguishing Perfections among the Men of Worth and Learning, who have Judgment sufficient, as well as Gratitude, to allow a Character of her Parts proportionable to their Merit. Much more might be said in her Ladyship's Praise ; for her Wit is so keen, her Judgment so piercing, her Intellects so capacious, and the Center of her Charms so full of Perfections, that an Author might tire himself, as well as his Reader, before he cou'd expatiate upon half the Particulars of so copious a Subject. But if any one likes her, so far as she is represented in an unfinish'd Picture, they may be Master of the Blessing for a Word speaking ; for notwithstanding she is a Lady of such incomparable Learning, yet her Husband has such an Aversion to female Literature, that he wou'd give a thousand Pounds in exchange for a peaceable Woman, that never once read her Horn-book.



A D E S C A N T,
O N T H E
A M I A B L E L A D Y a n d F E M A L E P E D A N T.

*HAIL Learning ! whose immortal Ray
Refines th' unpolish'd Soul,
Can set past Ages in our Sight,
And Time itself controul.*

D

Reserves

*Reserves of Truth the sacred Store,
And all it's radient Light,
Opens new endless Scenes, and makes
The Mind with Knowledge bright.*

*By thee we know what Homer thought,
And Pow'r of Maro's Song,
With Horace soar above the Croud,
And hate the sordid Throng.*

*Religion's hallow'd Shrine unfold,
And we're with Rapture blest,
It's Oracles dark Shades retire,
And Goodness shines confess.*

*This makes Man gen'rous, true, and brave,
And Woman chaste and kind ;
Folly or Vice without it stains
The Lustre of the Mind.*

*But how does then Nigretta err !
Whose Breast replete with Spleen,
Censures Fidelia's spotless Love,
And rails at Beauty's Queen.*

*Nigretta cries, that simple Thing !
Because she scorns mean Arts :
But, sweet Fidelia only aims
To please deserving Hearts.*

*Some Tyrant, Bigot, or dull Fool,
Nigretta ! be thy Fate ;
Nor may'st thou make a Man of Sense
E'er curse the Marriage-State.*

*For sure a Book-read Fool must cause,
In a proud haughty Wife,
Tb' acuteſt Pains that Man can feel
In the rough Paths of Life.*





T H E
CENSORIOUS LADY,

SHE is the unhappy Echo of other People's Failings, whose Delight is to repeat whatever she hears to the Prejudice of her Neighbours. Her Tongue is as venomous as the Sting of an *Adder*; for she seldom darts it beyond her Teeth, but she wounds some Body's Reputation.

She has such a Knack of improving every Mole-hill to a Mountain, that if she catches but a Lover with his Mistress on his Knee, she will be apt to censure, that the Root of Life has been planted in the soft Soil of *Generation*, and will industriously insinuate her loose Opinion to the next Confidant she meets with.

She's as blind as a Beetle to the Perfections of her own Sex, and the most celebrated Beauty, admir'd by nice Judges, for excellent Features, fine Complexion, and graceful Deportment, is, in the penetrating Eyes of her more judicious Ladyship, but a meer Slattern in her Dress, or Dowdy in her Countenance: If she be fair, she's painted; if she be tall, she's a meer May-pole; if she be little, she's a Scotch-durk;

durk ; if plump, she's an Hostess ; if lean, a Skeleton ; if sprightly, she's confident ; if grave and reserv'd, she's the still Sow that eats up all the Draff ; if gay in Apparel, she's a meer Butterfly ; if modestly dress'd, she's like a Puritan in a Masquerade : In short, tho' her Beauty's extraordinary, her Breeding answerable, her Temper conformable, and her Apparel agreeable, yet will her envious Ladyship find more Faults with either her Person, or Carriage, than a wrangling Dissenter ever did with the Liturgy.

Her Eyes are never pleas'd with any Women handsomer than herself, therefore all of her Acquaintance, who have that Advantage, may be assur'd, that the Lustre of their Charms will be spitefully eclips'd by some ill-natur'd Blots, which she will find some Opportunity to foist into their Characters : Nothing is so unwelcome to her Ears, as the Praise of any of her own Sex, which she always construes in an ironical Sense, and so, by the Reverse of the Encomium, is immediately furnish'd with new Satire.

If you commend a Woman for her Virtue, she will tell you, the Vices of the fair Sex are not to be read in their Countenances, but that some of her Sex only pin their *Modesty* to their Stays, as they do their Stomachers ; and whenever they lay aside their whalebone Security, and put on their Night-cloaths, are no more able to withstand an Attack, than a young

young Bride the melting Embraces of her new married Lover the first Night.

She admires no Man, but him that will flatter her Failings, and listen to her Reproaches of others ; and therefore is an excellent Companion for a Lampoon Poetafter, or a Novel-writer of her own Sex, because she is always prepar'd to furnish their Common-place-books with fresh Scandal.

For if a Lady at Court has been catch'd, by her inquisitive Page, with his Grace, at the old Game of *All-fours*, or a Lord, by his Lady, infusing *Honour* into her Chambermaid, to be sure, she is made acquainted, in a little time, with the comical Discovery ; for a merry Adventure, or a baudy Intrigue, must be manag'd with great Secrefy, within the Bounds of the Court, to escape her Knowledge, because her highest Satisfaction is daily to enquire into the Vices of the Honourable, and wry Steps of the Godly, so that she may have it in her Power to upbraid the Noble with their Degeneracy, the Saints with their Hypocrify, and enjoy the Pleasure of thinking herself as Virtuous as the best of them.

If she hears of a Lady that is subject to the Vapours by drinking *cold Tea*, she presently concludes her to be a Woman of worse Liberty, and affirms, that drunken Concupiscence keeps no Porter at the *Gate* of Pleasure.

Whenever she's in Company with both Sexes, she watches their Eyes as narrowly, as

an old jealous Husband does the Leers and Glances of a buxom Wife, when a young Libertine is in Company, that she may judge the better, how their vicious Appetites stand affected to each other, and censure them accordingly ; for if an earnest Look, an amorous Ogle, or a familiar Smile, are but mutually exchang'd by any Gentleman and Lady, to each other, she will certainly suspect, and as readily report, that a Game at my *Lady's Hole* (to use her polite Expression) will be play'd between them ; for that she cou'd see, by their Eyes, they were both ready to lift for *Deal* the very first Opportunity.

She's so wonderfully jealous, so intolerably censorious of her own Sex, that if she sees but a Woman of Quality stepping into a Hackney Coach, without her Footman to attend her, she will presently conjecture, that some brawny Pensioner, or *Irish* Officer, has had the Impudence, that Morning, to make a Cuckold of a Courtier ; nay, if she sees but a pretty Woman turn'd into a Prelate's Palace, she'll be apt to imagine she is running in all haste to acknowledge her Sins to one of the Bishop's Chaplains.

She has such a strange Conceit of the World's Wickedness, that if she finds a familiar Acquaintance of her own, reading the *Practice of Piety* in her Bed-chamber, she'll go near to fancy she has a hidden Gallant doing Penance in her Closet ; for she thinks Women use Devotion

votion for a Blind to their Vices, as *Fanatics* do Religion for a Cloak to their *Knaveries*.

She images Love to have such an universal Influence, that she takes *Cupid's Arcana*, or the Business of Intrigue, to be the weightiest Concern that attends human Life; and when ever she sees any Body in Haste, either in Coach or otherwise, she is uncharitable enough to say they are running full tilt into Fornication or Adultery.

If a Gentleman does but ask her the Age of her Lap-Dog, or what Country her Monkey is of, she immediately infers he is fallen desperately in Love with her; and if he proceeds to give her Hand but an affectionate *Squeeze*, she expects to be ravish'd the next Minute; for she thinks the forbidden Fruit the only tempting Felicity that invites both Sexes to regard each other, and therefore makes it the Consequence of her uncharitable Notion, that a Man would never complement a Woman, or a Woman smile upon a Man, but in Hopes to be further happy, at a more favourable Opportunity; and that which confirms her in her loose Opinion, and makes her so censorious, is the Lust and Levity of her own carnal Affections; for tho' without a Husband, she's neither Maid nor Widow, but an infatiate unfruitful W——re, who pursues the Pleasure, tho' she hides the Shame; therefore verily believes all as wicked as herself, and from her own private Liberties judge ill of every Body, and speaks well of no Body.

T H E



D E S C A N T,

On the MODEST candid LADY, and the censorious One.

*HAPPY the Nymph ! whose modest Tongue
From cens'ring Vice refrains,
Who pities what she cannot cure,
And sighs for others Pains :*

*Whose gentle Nature's sweet as Light,
And Voice as soft as Air ;
Whose Breast's all Harmony, and Words
Kind Balm to heal Despair.*

*Urania thus, celestial Maid !
By sacred Knowledge wise,
With Rapture fires the Soul, and brings
All Heav'n before our Eyes.*

*Happy beyond Expression be !
Posset of her sweet Charms,
Who drinks the Beams of her fair Looks,
And melts in her kind Arms.*

*Oh ! cou'd I her bless'd Virtues crown
With never dying Praise,
Her Merit in my Verse enshrin'd,
Shou'd dazzle with its Rays.*

*Not so Alecto, that dire Fiend !
The Shame of Woman-Kind ;
Whose Shape's Deformity, and Tongue,
The Viper of her Mind :*

*With Riches curs'd, to draw some Fool
Into the gilded Snare ;
Then if not doom'd to Hell's worst Plague,
All generous Youths ! — beware.*



THE



THE

INTRIGUING LADY.

SHE's a Female Politician, so very ready at Invention, that she can cover with her Tongue the Sins of her—*Frailty*, and convey herself so smoothly out of one Lover's Embraces, into the Arms of another; that if she has twenty Gallants, she will wheedle them into such an Opinion of her Constancy, that no one shall find Cause to suspect he has a Rival.

When she's going about the worst Deeds, she always puts on the best Countenance; and if she lays open her Prayer Book upon her Dressing Table in the Morning, to be sure she's in hopes, that her *Legs*, before Night, will be in the same Condition; and whenever she goes in a *Dishabille* to *Covent-Garden* Church, it is ten to one but her next Visit is to some *Templer's Chambers*.

She is never without a new Blind to a new Adventure; so that every fresh Intrigue her cunning Ladyship is engag'd in, is never without a Mantle of Pretence, to hide the Bottom of her Design from the Suspicion of her Friends, or the Inspection of her Servants.

The Beaux she is most familiar with, in the Eyes of the World, she always takes Care shall be a Stranger to the *Cabinet* of her choicest Favours, so that at length she draws him into the *Matrimonial Shackles*, or at least, upon all Occasions, makes him a Voucher of her Virtue: For if one that is so intimate, will venture his Soul upon her *Chastity*, who will suspect her to be guilty with another, who, in the View of those about her, she always keeps at a much greater Distance?

She is a Lady of that Experience in the male Sex, that she is seldom over-reach'd by the Flatteries and Promises of an insinuating Tongue, because she has Wit enough to know, that the most whining Lover is always the greatest Hypocrite; therefore whenever she surrenders, 'tis always to a *plain Dealer*, who has Courage enough to triumph over the Modesty of a Woman, and Honour enough to defend her Reputation when he has done.

But as for those cringing Coxcombs, that flutter about a Woman, like Moths about a Candle, and pay so formal an Adoration to a *spread Petticoat*, as if it was the sacred Covering of a (*pagan*) *Deity*; she only entertains such Fops for the Pleasure of a little Coquetry; makes them only her Pastime, as *Punchiornello* does his Butter-fly, and feeds such Blockheads with no more than the Shadow of her Favours, whilst she willingly submits the pleasing Substance to more deserving Admirers.

She is an absolute Mistress of all the Subtilties of her Sex, and has fifty times the Cunning of a *Venetian Courtezan*, or a *Covent-Garden Strumpet*, and has as many Changes in her Mein and Countenance, as a *Drury-Lane Actress*, who can alter her Deportment, from the Majesty of a Princeſs, to the Impudence of an Harlot ; or from the Gravity of a Saint, to the Gaiety of an airy *Paramour* just enter'd into keeping : She has the Puritan Leer, the Liber-tine's Ogle, the scornful Frown, the amorous Glance, the awful Look, the Side Box Squint, the drowsy Eye, the tempting Smile, the lea-cherous Pout, the moist—Lip, the stately—Stride, the jutting Step, the bridled Chin, the Toss of the Head, the Cast of the Fan, the fa-miliar Squeeze, the Turn of the Toe, the Belly Courteſy, the promising Freedom, and the care-less Indifference. In ſhort, ſhe is a Wo-man of that wonderful Variety, that who-ever knows her thoroughly, is at once acquainted with her whole Sex.

She'll ſo diſfemble Modeſty, when Occaſion requires it, that a Stranger wou'd take her to be as chafe as *Diana*, tho' the next Opportu-nity, with a Gentleman ſhe likes, ſhe will ſhew herſelf as wanton as *Venus*, and only diſfers from a common Strumpet in theſe Particulars ; viz. She has the Experience without the Scan-dal, the Kiffes without the Kicks, the Variety without the Danger, and the Pleaſure without the Punishment ; for her Purſe and her Quali-ty

ty defend her from the Fear of *Bridewell*, or a reforming Constable.

The highest Pleasure of her Life is in the nice Management of an Intrigue, so that she may gratify her own Lust, oblige her Lover, and so deceive the World at the same time, as not to give the *Censorious* the least Occasion to suspect her, but that she may still pass as an *undeflower'd* Piece of Innocence to her next Admirer.

Tho' her *Quality* is not big enough for the honourable Conversation of a lewd *Duchess*, yet she loves to follow the worthy Examples of the *Great*, as well in their public Customs, as private Vices; so that she commonly moves in the Rear of them, to *Park*, *Play-house*, *Masquerades*, *Bath*, or *New Market*; and wherever she rambles, has the Prudence to take Care to have as good a *Love Handle* to hold by, as the best of them; for her Prattle and Pleasantry, with a tolerable Stock of Beauty, never fail to recommend her to the Love and Esteem of some Gentleman, or other, who is as ready to oblige her, as if the Seat of her Honour had been proudly distinguish'd, and render'd more charming by the Title of *Countess*.

If she chance to be discover'd, so far as to be suspected in any of her Amours, she will toss off a jocular Hint, with such an unintelligible Carelessness, and seeming Indifference, that the Person who intended the *Sarcasm* shou'd take hold, will be apt to think the Jade is without Gall,

Gall, because of her not winching ; and if she chance to be touch'd in a Lampoon, she has the Impudence to face it with a flat Denial of the Fact, and has enough of ready Wit to turn it off to another ; else affirms it misapply'd, as to herself, by a Gentleman who attempted to debauch her, tho' she scorns to name him, in respect to his Honour : But she blesses her Stars, tho' his Offers were *large*, she had Virtue and Wit enough to withstand the Temptation, and shall be careful, for the future, how she's ever decoy'd into such designing Company.

After a subtle Justification of her Ladyship's Innocence, (tho' every Vein in her Body has too often felt the *Titillation* of her Guilt) she rhetorically concludes with an Exclamation against the Licentiousness of the Poet, and Censoriousness of the Age, forgetting, that it is high time, that *Hypocrites of Quality*, (who talk so much of Honour, yet rob the *Courtezans* of their Pleasure, and leave them nothing but the Scandal) shou'd be upbraided with their Vices ; for W—s who are too stately for the Lash of a Beadle, are liable to no Correction, that may reform their Manners, besides the Scourge of a Poet ; and she that, like a *brazen Statue*, can submit to either without blushing, may justly be deem'd incorrigible.

If ever she marries, she will be sure to have the Wit to chuse a Blockhead for her Husband ; or some *Alchymistical Vertuoso*, who's always in Search of the Philosopher's Stone ; or some Country

Country bred Squire, whose Worship values nothing but his Hounds and his Horses ; else some short sighted *Novice*, who has but just Wit enough to defend him from the Misfortune of being begg'd for a *Fool* ; one that she can manage with such female Dexterity, that tho' she is as great an Adulteress as ever was *Messalina*, she can still contrive Ways to confirm him in a Belief, that she's as virtuous as an *Angel* ; tho' perhaps when her Beauty is declin'd, and she finds herself slighted by Men of equal Quality, her Lust grows so sordid, that she prostitutes her fading Charms to either his Butler or Coach-man ; and as her Years multiply, becomes so scandalously wicked, that she has nothing but the Prayers in her Family, her sham fasting twice a Week, the Trustiness of her Chamber-maid, and her own subtle Management, to support her from falling into public Infamy : So that married, or unmarried, she has such a projecting Head, and so ungovernable a Lust, that neither will be satisfied without an Intrigue on foot, that may find such Employment for both, as shall be agreeable to their Faculties ; so that she is a perfect Machine, fitted by Art and Nature for all the various Operations of the most intricate Amours, in whose Contrivances may be found, all the Workings and Windings of her whole Sex.

She's so compleat a Mistress of the Art of Love, that she can corrupt the Virtuous, bewitch the Wary, blind the Vigilant, cozen a Gallant,

Gallant, outwit a Spy, and cuckold a Husband as often as she pleases ; yet prevails with him to exhibit large Encomiums of her Honesty, in the very Company of those treacherous Friends, who have often, to their vicious Satisfaction, had an intimate Experience of his praise-worthy Lady's most incomparable Virtues. In short, her whole Life is a *Labyrinth* of *Iniquity*, under the subtle Government of a prattling Hypocrite, who, as far as it is possible, covers her Lust with her Tongue, her Intrigues with her Conduct, and protects herself by her *Quality*, from the Ignominy of her Whoredom.



A DESCANT,

On the INTRIGUING LADY.

*O*F Radiant *Quality* no *Stain*
Shou'd blot the Hemisphere ;
The Men be gen'rrous, noble, brave,
The Women chaste as fair.

Honour refin'd each Thought should guide,
Each Act, Beneficence,
And ev'ry Star-distinguishb'd Breast
A gen'ral Good dispense.

*'Twas thus Nobility of Old
Exalted Britain's Fame,
When Virtue with Religion blaz'd,
And catch'd a mutual Flame.*

*Honour with Chastity and Truth,
Then shone in Courts confess'd,
Nor did Disloyalty torment
The faithful tender Breast.*

*Mens Hearts upon the Fair repos'd,
Found Rapture in their Arms ;
Nor Beauty, Comet-like, then scorch'd
The Earth with fatal Charms.*

*Wou'd Catia, did she once reflect
Upon her noble Blood ?
Out-act the Wh—e, whose aching Heart
Submits to Shame for Food :*

*A Blush wou'd stain her Cheeks so deep,
Such Sorrow pierce her Mind,
She'd in some Shade for ever shun
The Eyes of Human-Kind.*



THE
TOPING LADY.

THO' a Native of *England*, yet her Countenance is *French*; for she derives her Complexion from *Nantz*, *Bourdeaux*, or *Coniack*; and generally in an Evening looks as fresh and ruddy as a Beef-Steak, or a new-boil'd Lobster. By her inordinate Cups, she improves in Bulk like a Dray-man, and has nothing but her Quality to distinguish her from an Hostess. It wou'd make a Man smile to behold her Figure in a Side-Box, where her twinkling Eyes, by her Afternoon's Drams of Ratifee, and cold Tea, sparkles more than her Pendants, whilst her flushing Face looks as rosy a the Carnation-Gills of a Turkey-Cock in his Pride, just going to cobble, so that she appears among the rest of the Ladies like a Blazing-Star among the dimmer Lights but just visible in the spangled Firmament. In the Intervals of the Acts, she faces the Gentlemen in the Pit with the Confidence of an *Orange-Wench*, and so inspires their Wits by her glowing Smiles,

that their chiefest Diversion is to descant upon her Countenance.

Her Closet is always as well stored with Juleps, Restoratives, and Strong-Waters, as an Apothecary's Shop, or a Distiller's Laboratory; and is herself so notable a Housewife in the Art of preparing them, that she has a larger Collection of Chymical Receipts than a *Dutch Mountebank*, of which she is so very careful, that she never suffers them to travel any further than from her own Hand to her House-keeper.

The Scent of her Breath changes as often in a Day, as the Variety of her Cordials can well admit of. One Hour the fragrant Breath that is exhaled from her Ladyship's Lungs shall smell as strong of Cinnamon-Water as the Breath of an old Fish-woman in a Frosty Morning. This she overcomes in a little Time by a large Glass of *French* Wine, and a Mouthful of Comfits after it, to disguise the Effluvia of her Sottishness: but to little Purpose: for whoever has the Honour to salute her Lips, or come near enough to have the Happiness of her Ladyship's Whispers; may at any Time discover, by the odoriferous Breezes that come from her Mouth, what her Honour last delighted in. As soon as she rises she must have a salutary Dram to keep her Stomach from the Cholic, a Whet before she eats, to increase an Appetite; after eating, a plentiful Dose for Concoction;

coction : and to be sure, a Bottle of Brandy under her Bed-side, for Fear of fainting in the Night.

She is a generous Lady to her Servant, especially to her Waiting-Woman ; for when the Vapours are predominant, she's so very apt to be taken with *emetical* Effects, that she spoils more Apparel in one Year, by *spewing* upon them, than she could wear out in seven : so that whenever such a Mischance of a weak Stomach happens, to be sure, the defil'd Garment goes no more into the Wardrobe, because it stinks of Brandy, and is therefore given to her Confident ; for it's a Dishonour to her *Quality* to send any Thing to the Scowerer's. She has her private Retirements into her Closet, as well as her weekly Bacchanals, where a Female Society of the same Kidney and Degree, under the Notion of Card-playing, have their *honourable Orgies* : Upon which Nights the Servants are so disposed of against her Ladyship's Return, by the Discretion of her Waiting-Woman ; that when she comes home in a Chair, she may totter up-stairs unseen by any but her Confidants, who are the officious Pimps that cloak her Vices, and preserve the Honour of their Keeper. Nor is she content always to exercise her drunken Liberties with her own Sex, where her highest Satisfaction is to talk *Bawdy*, because she cannot act it ; but my Lady must have a

Male

Male Relation, whose masculine Stature confirms him to be a Man of singular Performance, to pay his Visits upon such certain Days; at which times every Thing is put in Order for his *kind Reception*, and my Lady not well enough to give Admittance to other Visiters, that shou'd any Ways interrupt her in the Felicity she proposes: and if she be not handsome enough to decoy some Gentleman to be the *Drudge* to her Sensuality, when the Spirits that she pours plentifully into her Head begin to operate strongly in a *lower Region*, rather than her amorous Appetite shou'd be unhappily disappointed, she will prostitute her Honour to her own Butler, or Coach-man. For, I think it may be taken for an undeniallable Maxim, *viz.* that a Woman, who loves drinking of strong Liquors, never suffers her Vices to terminate in the Bottle: Besides, she that has not Command enough of her Appetite, when she is sober, to forbear a Vice that is so dishonourable to her Quality, can never have Prudence enough in her Cups to preserve her Modesty, or secure her Reputation against further Scandals. For, as the Love of Virtue, and the Fear of Shame, are commonly the Safeguards of a Woman's Chastity; so whenever she is so rash to beat down one with the Bottle, it is ten to one, but the Desire of Pleasure overcomes the other, and leaves her exposed to all the *indecent Liberties*

ties, that the Corruption of Nature, when Reason is abandoned, can possibly lead her into. For it may pass for a Proverb not ill-grounded, *viz.* drunken Inclinations keep no Porter at the *Gate of Pleasure*. Every Woman that loves Wine so well as to celebrate a *Bacchanal* to a Pitch of delicious Intemperance, will always swallow *Priapus* at the Bottom of the *Amphora*: for Drunkenness and Lust, like Impudence and Ignorance, are inseparable Companions.

Therefore, the Toping Lady, by the Power of true *Nants*, shines as gloriously in her Coach, as a *Theatrical Phaeton* in his Chariot of the Sun. Tho' she may boast of her *Quality*, instead of her *Modesty*, yet she is no more in *Reality* than a *dignified Prostitute*, who having these two Advantages of Honour and Estate, is enabled thereby to cover her Vices with a richer Mantle, and is only look'd upon by the wise and virtuous as a renowned *Libertine*, who is a *Scandal* to her Sex, instead of an *Ornament*, and her boasted Honour is only supported by her Coach and Equi-page.



A DESCANT,

On SOBRIETY and INTEMPERANCE,

REASON! thou Brightness of the Mind,
And Radiance of the Soul;
Thy royal sacred Pow'r alone
Its Passions can controul.

No vicious Acts deform the Heart,
When Virtue's Charms divine
Exalt the Soul, and heav'ly Thoughts
With Rays immortal shue.

Fair Purity refines each Word,
Each Sentiment improves;
They gain to Glory free Access,
Whom Heav'n propitious loves,
Thus sweet Sobriety and Truth
Favonia crown with Praise;
Coud she, my Muse wou'd to ber Worth
A lasting Temple raise;

Embalm'd in Verse her Name shou'd be
 To future Ages known ;
 Her Merit strike succeeding Times
 With Wonder like her own.

Who wou'd not Fatua then despise ?

Who can eclipse this Ray ?
 With potent Fumes of Nants and Wine,
 But yet will cant and pray ?

How sordid must be all within,
 When from her Mouth exhale
 Effluvia strong enough to taint
 The Room, or wasting Gale,
 No Wonder if her heigh'ten'd Lust

Forget her Fame and Pride,
 If Impudence the Footman arm,

How shou'd he be deny'd ?

G **THE**



THE INQUISITIVE LADY.

SHE is such a Lover of News, that her Father is supposed to have got her with a *Gazette* in his Head; and she has such a natural Propensity to the Knowledge of State-Secrets, that if her Husband happens to be a Privy-Counsellor, he is more plagued with her Inquisitive Impertinence, than a City-Lord with the grave Admonitions of his wiser Lady-Mayoress. She fancies herself as cunning as a Madam *Maintenon*; and thinks it an insufferable Piece of Tyranny, that Women should be excluded from the Mysteries of State, since we have always thriven so notably, as she will tell you, under a Petticoat-Government. She has such high Conceits of her own Sex, that she is apt to think it a Mistake in *Moses* to appoint Man the Sovereignty in his History of the Creation, and that it proceeded only from the grand Partiality the Prophet had to his own Sex; urging, that as Heaven advanced in that wonderfull Work, every thing that God made was still more excellent, and therefore Woman

Woman being last created, must be the most perfect Creature, and consequently have the best Right to Superiority.

If you talk of an *Alexander* or *Hannibal* for Generals, she has her *Semiramus* and *Harpalice*: If you talk of a *Solomon* or *Ferdinand* for Wisdom, she has her *Sheba* and *Elizabeth*: And if you talk of *Ovid* or *Dryden* as Poets, she has her *Sappho* and *Phillips*: So speak as you please of Kings, Heroes or Poets, she can give you a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*.

When his Honour returns home to his Female Politician, *What News my Lord have you brought from Court?* is my Lady's leading Question; and if he does not amuse her with some strange Intelligence from behind the Curtain, but answers her as a wise Maid should, with some trifling Evasion, her Ladyship presently falls into such a Fit of the Vapours, that it hurries the Servants, spoils Supper, and the whole Family is in the utmost Confusion: But if his Post be so great, as to be trusted with a Secret that relates to Government, and his Discretion so little, as to make my Lady acquainted with it, it is ten to one but it will be so earnestly whisper'd from Lady to Lady, from them to their Maids, and by their Chamber Slatterns in a kisling Humour, down to the Coachmen and Footmen, till at last every Stable Groom is so well acquainted with the Arcana, that they even talk it to their Horses. Therefore no wonder a good Design should be

circumvented by an Enemy, should a Courtier be made a Confident, who will be kiss'd out of a Secret, and sacrifice his Country's Welfare to the Embraces of an infamous *Dalilab* for a Woman betray'd Man in the Beginning: That single Instance ought to be a Caution sufficient how we trust our Wives or our Mistresses, with Matters of Privacy, that do not belong to them; for tho' the one be in a Station too honourable to be rank'd with the other, yet they are both Women, frail Vessels, and not capable of such Firmness as to trust to in a dangerous Ocean.

If my Lady finds that his Honour upon a rejoicing Day has drank the King's Health plentifully, she never fails of making use of so lucky an Opportunity: Then if there be any new Intrigue carrying on at Court, and some blooming Beauty has been willing to forfeit her Honour for the Gratification of her Love, or Ambition, to be sure my Lady must be pleased with all the luscious Particulars of *who, how, where, and when*, till the Liveliness of the Story has so whetted her juvenile Appetite, that she heartily wishes she had been in the same ravishing Circumstances; and so merry a Tale as this is so adapted to the Eloquence of a Woman, that to be sure the next Visit her Ladyship makes to Madam *Love-Pleasure*, the whole Jest must be whisper'd behind the Fan, and the obliging Lady's Reputation be blasted with all the Unmercifulness of Jilts who would have

have wish'd to have been in her Place; till at last her Adventure is become as common a Talk, as if she had been kiss'd in a Market-Place.

By such sort of Means as these, the Misconduct of Persons in high Stations become the Ridicule and Reproach of every ill bred, impudent, incorrigible Scoundrell, and the diverting Table-Talk of every drunken Society, till Failings of a common Size are improved into Mountains, and transient Faults perhaps, made Examples of authorising the most hardened, abandoned Vice and Infamy: Therefore, since the Secrets of Princes, whether they respect their Politics or Vices, are sure to be discovered to the Public, I think they can never have too great a Care to do nothing but what may bear the Test of all Posterity.



A DESCANT,

On the INQUISITIVE LADY.

*HOW cautious ought the wise to be,
Not to disclose their Heart;
Who trusts his Life to Female Truth,
Acts an imprudent Part.*

'Tis

'Tis hard for Man to guard his Lips

By studied Continence,
From Woman who expects so much
Must quit all common Sense :

Who by his Folly suffers Harm,
And claims from Woman more
Than Woman's Nature can perform,
That Man's a Fool on Score.

Nay she'll upbraid him first who has
To her betray'd his Life ;
Expect the same, if Wisdom rule,
From Mistress — from your Wife.
Thus to her Consort spoke a Bride
In his Heart-bursting Woe ;
You've ruin'd me, who from me hop'd
What Woman ne'er cou'd do :

But yet to shew my fearless Hand
Can act a Roman Part,
This Dagger shall — and soon as said,
She plung'd it in her Heart.

Ab ! still Fidelia charms my Soul
With Sweetness so refin'd ;
A Woman's Satire of her Sex
Can scarce alarm my Mind.



THE
J E A L O U S L A D Y;
 Or, *Dissatisfied Wife.*

SHE is such an unaccountable busy Body, that she is always in Search of what she hopes never to find; and thro' Fear of her Husband not loving her enough, is perpetually provoking him to love her too little; for the *Snake of Jealousy* that she warms in her Bosom, from her own vicious Temper, so disquiets her Mind, that as the *Worm* bites her, she plagues her Spouse, and is as foolishly seduced by her Jealousy to rob her Husband of his Happiness, as the first Woman was by the *Serpent*, to cozen her *Adam* out of his Paradise.

She is always stinging herself with her whimsical Conceits, when her Bedfellow is abroad: and when he returns home, has no ways to ease herself of her own Torments, but by making him smart with the same Nettles: For whatever her restless Jealousy insinuates into her credulous Breast, must be tempestuously communicated to her unhappy Partner, who is forced at Night to give an exact Journal of the Day's

Day's Transactions, or else there must be no Peace in the Family, no Smiles at Supper, or scarce a Bit of Enjoyment within the *Nuptial Curtains*; but the House untiled, the Doors unhinged, the Family put into Confusion, and nothing but *Back-side* and *Pout* turned upon the poor Gentleman; till by his Vows and Protestations he has removed her Jealousy a little for the present; and by a humble Submission in all she requires, has with much Difficulty, purchased a Reconciliation, perhaps for one Day: Or should he not humour her in these frantic Fits, he must at least be at the Charge of a Consultation of *Physicians* to recover his *dying Plague* out of her dampish Mood, into an Humour of Scolding, and have her Bodkin and Scissars laid carefully out of the way, for fear she should rise in the Night and do herself that Mischief, which it is a Pity she should be hindred from.

It is not so much her extraordinary Love, as her exorbitant Lust that is the chief Occasion of her troublesome Distemper, or that possesses her Breast with the *Devil of an Uproar*, who is so bitter an Enemy to the Comforts of Matrimony: For either the Want of Children so fast as she desires them, or having heard among her own Sex, of the generous Performance of some other Ladies Husbands, in such numerous Repetitions, which her own has fallen short of, makes her apt to imagine, she has only the Overplus

Overplus of his amorous Endearment. And these are the lascivious Contemplations, which generally nourish that implacable Jealousy which is oftener a *furia Matricis*, than a fond Affection: Besides, the melancholly Reflexions of some Women being handsomer than herself, and her Husband a much prettier Gentleman, than the rest of her Female Neighbours have the Fortune to be blessed with, the natural Propensity all Men have to oblige the Beautiful, and slender Opinion she has of the fair Sex, from her own Infirmities, make her apt to think, that neither her own Charms, or her Husband's Fidelity, are sufficient to chain him to the *Matrimonial Oar*, at which she wants him always to be drudging, like a Slave in a Galley.

She is so restless, *a whither d'ye go?* that she spends most of her Pin-money in bribing her Spie, to watch the Motions of her Husband, which she daily takes care to have performed so effectually, that he cannot, in a Tavern, pay a civil Compliment to a Vintner's Wife, or a handsome Bar-Keeper, or step out of his Coach at a famous Milliner's, to prattle away half an Hour among *Chaucer's Semistresses*, who keep Shops for Countenance, and W---re for Maintenance; but my Lady has certainly a speedy Account of whatever passed, and then a Week's Indisposition is the certain Consequence; and the Family Physician must pay his daily Visits, though

to little Purpose. For he that can cure a Woman of her cross-grain'd Humours, must be something more than an *Aesculapius*; and so young and vigorous as to stoutly administer that natural *Balsam*, which she chiefly languishes after. For an *Injectio Seminis*, is the only Restorative for a Lady that languishes under this amorous Distemper, which, at last, she ventures to thoroughly experience, when she likes her Physician; who you must not imagine to be one of the College, but a private Practitioner, who delights, as well as my Lady, in much Chamber-Practice; by which Means, in a little Time, she finds such a wonderful Effect, that her Husband receives the Infection, and herself, in a great Measure, gets eased of her Distemper. For as she fancies he runs one Way, she will be sure to run another; and, as her Lust is satisfied, so her Jealousy decreases. And what particularly pleases her is, she thinks in Revenge, she sees a goodly Pair of *Antlers* badding on his Forehead. Nor has she the Conscience once to think she does her Husband Injustice by the Alienation of her Favours, because she will still believe he was the first Aggressor, and will take that, not only as a Provocation, but an Excuse sufficient for her own Lust to use the same Liberty.

Thus, whoever finds he has a *jealous Wife*, has no small Reason to turn the Tables on her *Ladyship*. Let him consider what it is, for which she afflicts her Mind, disturbs her Rest, fills her

her fanciful Brains full of groundless Whimsies ; sighs, cries, and wrangles ; frowns, pouts, and grumbles ; — it is for more of *that* of which she thinks she has too little. So that if her Husband can give her more and will not ; or would give her more, and cannot ; let the Case be as it will, if she once proves unsatisfied with what himself shall think enough for a Wife's Portion, in all Probability, in a little Time she will find out a way to help herself ; for the Wife who is craving of *larger Supplies*, than consists with the Husband's Ability, or his Will to grant, what she cannot have at home, she will seek abroad, and so fairly, good Morrow to your Honour, *Sir William*. For Female Jealousy is seldom the Effect of honourable Love ; but of ungovernable Lust, too unruly to be bribed by a Woman's Discretion, and too fiery to be quenched by the *Supplies* of one single *Engine*.





POETICAL REFLECTION.

CANDOUR and Truth refine the Soul
Of Innocence possesst;
No racking Jealousy torments
The sweet and harmless Breast,

Soft soothing Thoughts inspire the Mind;
Where Virtue reigns intire,
Nor can false Tongues the loving Heart
Inflame with jealous Fire.

Tis Lust, vile Lust, that swells the Soul,
to fierce tempestuous Rage;
Man loyal was, and Woman kind,
In the blest golden Age.

For Innocence all Patience is,
And gentle as the Dove,
Woman will never grieve the Man,
Who truly has her Love.

When Rodugunda then upbraids
In jealous Words her Spouse,
Ne'er doubt, the vixen Jade herself
Has broke her Marriage Vows.

But

But, due to him, who cou'd refuse
 Clarinda for his Bride ;
 And, for curs'd Gold, her Grief despise,
 Who fainted, pin'd, and dy'd.

All gen'rous Youths bewail'd her Fate,
 Sad Musick fill'd the Grove ;
 And if there's Truth in Poets ; Tears
 Fell from the God of Love.



T H E

G A M I N G L A D Y.

SHE is a profuse Lady, tho' of a miserable Temper, whose covetous Disposition is the very Cause of her Extravagancy ; for the Desire of Success wheedles her Ladyship into Play ; the incident Charges and Disappointments that attend it, make her as expensive to her Husband as his Coach and six Horses. When an unfortunate Night has happened, to empty her Cabinet, she has as many Shifts to replenish her Pockets, as a Town-Punk, after she has been strip'd by Justice. Her

Her Jewels are carried privately into *Lombard-street*, and Fortune is to be tempted next Night, with another Sum borrowed of my Lady's Goldsmith, at the Extortion of a *Pawn-broker*, and if that fails, then she sells off her Wardrobe, to the great Mischief of her Maids, stretches her Credit among those she deals with, pawns her Honour to her Intimates, or makes her Waiting-woman dive into the Bottom of her Trunk, and lug out her green Purse, full of old *Jacobuses*, which she has got in her Time, by her Servitude and Pimping, in Hopes to recover her Losses, by a Turn of Fortune, that she may conceal her bad Luck from the Knowledge of her Husband; but she is generally such a Bubble to some Smock-faced Gamester, who can win her Money first, carry off the Losses in a Hackney-Coach, and kiss her into a good Humour before he parts with her, that she is generally driven to the last Extremity, and then forced to confess all to her forgiving Spouse, who, either through his fond Affection, natural Generosity, Danger of Scandal, or Fear of Cuckoldom, supplies her with Money to redeem her Moveables, buy her new Apparel, and pay her Debt upon Honour, that her Ladyship may be in *statu quo*, in which Condition she never long continues, but repeats the same Game over and over, to the End of the Chapter; for she is so strangely infatuated with the Itch of Card-

Carding, that she studies the Tricks of Gaming as much as a *Female Hypocrite* pretends to meditate upon the Practice of Piety.

Whenever she happens to have a lucky Night, her Servants are all delighted with the Gaiety of her Temper ; and *Mrs. Trusty* the Waiting-woman, perhaps, for pleasing her Ladyship with a smutty Jest, comes in for Half a Guinea, to buy her a new Top-knot ; but if Ill-luck happens to empty her Pockets, and she returns home early, for Want of Money, her Supper is not well dressed, her Servants are negligent, her Bed made uneasy, and her Chamber-pot set with the Handle the wrong Way : In short, nothing can please her, but a sleeping Forgetfulness of her last ill Fortune, and the waking Hopes of retriving her Losses the next Opportunity. She is so bewitched with Gaming, that she loves a Pack of Cards much better than she does her Children, for she will quit the Satisfaction of toying with the one, for the avaritious Pleasure of playing with the other ; and thinks every Knave in the Pack at an *honourable Sharping-Table*, a better Amusement than her Husband's Conversation. The Diamonds in her Ears she would willingly hazard upon those on the Cards ; and the only Reason why she has some slender Respect for her *Chaplain*, is, that half the Pack are of the same Colour with his Cloath. Tho' she was bred a *Protestant*, she has a mighty Veneration for the

An-

Antiquity of the *Romish* Religion, because most of them allow playing at Cards on *Sundays* to be an innocent Diversion. The Deity she often prays to, is *Fortune*; and the Books she opens upon that Occasion, the *Puritans* affirm to be of the Devil's contriving; yet she is so wedded to their *Incantation*, that she depends more upon their uncertain Kindness, than she does upon Providence.

Besides, the Cards to her Ladyship are almost as good as a *Jest-book*; for they furnish her in her Play, with so many pretty Conceits, that she often makes them very merry *Similitudes*, and entertains herself pleasantly with her own Imaginations. When she claps the King upon the *Queen*, she cries, *My Ladies, there's a Wedding*; and from thence, delights herself with the merry Thoughts of Business done on the *Nuptial-night*; and if *Clubs* are *Trump*s, she laughs heartily, to think what hearty Doings there will be before the Game is ended. When *Pam* wins the *King*, she, with a Smile, reflects upon the Favour Knaves have at C—t; when *Hearts* are played, she thinks of nothing but Love; and if *Diamonds* are *Trump*s at the same Time, she smartly observes, how the noblest *Hearts*, especially Female, are captivated by Jewels, Shew, and Riches. Thus, by a *Hieroglyphical* and *Symbolical* Use of Fortune's Baubles, she exercises her Fancy, and gives, at once, both a Recreation to her

Faculties and her Senses. Her Passions are always working in her Breast, like so many *Gaugers* in the *Excise-Office*, one turning the other out of its Place so quick, that none are long exercised, or long idle, except that of Hope; and that, like *Quick-silver* in a Weather-glass, is always rising and falling.

Thus is her Ladyship wrecked, between abundance of Contrarieties, and her Life made as uncertain, as the Wheel of *Fortune*; yet she cannot stop herself, in the hazardous Pursuit of this ridiculous Vice, till she has run her Husband into Debt, and impaired his Estate beyond his Honour's Patience; and then she is carried down to some Country House, at a remote Distance from the Town, where she is forced to spend the remainder of her Days under the Frowns of her Husband, the ill Words of his Servants, and the Curses of his Tradesmen, till a melancholy Life make's her as mopish as an *Old Cat*; and her moneyless Restraint as ill conditioned as the Devil.





POETICAL REFLECTION.

WOMAN that fickle amorous Thing,
The best or worst of Friends,
More Windings knows than Nature's self,
To gain her bidden Ends.

If good, endued with Wit divine,
To sooth the ravish'd Heart;
But if insnared by Malice, sure
To out-act the Devil's Part.

Wisdom too oft but strives in vain,
To shun the fatal Snare
Who wou'd suspect her Breast of Vice,
Whose Face is Heav'ly fair?

Twas thus, untimely Cynthio sunk,
To Shades of endless Night,
Whose Soul was generous as the Sun,
Whose Mind Celestial Light.

His haughty Spouse Virago ray'd
On Infamy and Play;
His Wit and Youth in Nature's Bloom
Wore like a Flower away.

But

But happy ! who Modesta gains,
Soft, easy, generous, kind ;
Whose beamy Face the Picture is
Of a more radiant Mind.

*The Mead, the Grotto, and the Grove,
For them new Charms will have;
Their Life one Scene of Transport be,
Their Loves survive the Grave.*



LADY'S CONFIDENT.

She is a subtle Jade, who having waited on Quality in her younger Days, has had an ample Opportunity of being well acquainted, not only with their Persons, but their Intrigues and Managements; and of making herself an absolute Miftref of all the useful Variety of Blinds and Arts, by which the proud Part of the World hide their infamous Lusts from the Notice of the Publick; and when, by Observation and Experience, she believes herself qualified in all the Mysteries of Iniquity, by the Encouragement of some lascivious P—fs, or wanton Lady of great Fortune. She ventures to take some costly

Structure, situate amongst the upper Rank, convenient for her Purpose; which she gaudily furnishes, partly upon Credit procured her of the Upholsterer, by some honourable Friends, who, at the same Time intend, upon all amorous Occasions, to make a familiar Use, both of the House and Furniture. When she has proceeded thus far, the next necessary Provision is a reputable Cloak for her scandalous Employment, that by an outward Appearance, she may cheat the Eyes of her Neighbours, as our modern Saints do the World, by their external Sanctity.

In order to this Design, she furnishes a Close-Shop, or rather Warehouse, up one Pair of Stairs, with *East-India* Goods, fine Fripperies and Toys of all Sorts, with *Dutch* Trinkets, *China*, &c. and writes over her Door, in great golden Capitals, something that may signify the Baubles and Knick-knacks she deals in, but not a Word of those Rarities she hopes to get most by, because she has not the Power of disposing of them according to her own Will, being only well paid at certain Times and Seasons, for allowing them House-room, where they may gratify their Levity.

No sooner is she in Readiness for the Reception of her Customers, but young impatient Ladies, lewdly trifled with at home, by their old lecherous impotent Husbands, or slighted by their espoused stupid Libertines, who love nothing but the Rankness of the Stews; and

cannot have their polite Appetites raised by a virtuous Bedfellow, tho' never so beautiful, flock all in by degrees, to see her flickering Curiosities, view her commodious Lodgings, and furnish themselves and their Closets with such modish Ornaments, as are most agreeable to their extravagant Fancies, which are no sooner bought, but so shewn about, and commended from Lady to Lady, that in a little Time, by the friendly Industrie of the Countess *Trinket*, and my Lady *Playloose*. She has as much Business as she can turn her Hands to, for vending the best of Gloves and Handkerchiefs for Gentlemen, and the finest Hollands and Muslins for Shirts and Neck-cloaths. The *Belle's*, as well as the *Beaus of Quality*, have an equal Pretence to be fluttering about her, to observe what high Game frequents her Love-Mansion, which, as soon as generally known to the frolicksome Part of monied Mortals, begins to flourish, like a new City Conventicle, that you seldom go by, but you shall see two or three C—s, D—s, &c. besides Hackney Coaches waiting at the Door, which is a sufficient Token to all those who understand Intriguing, that the incontinent Amourists of the upper Class do not meet there so often, to fit their Hands with Gloves, their Closets with China, or their Noses with Perfumed Handkerchiefs, but to accommodate one another with those other Solaces of wanton Nature; which are much

much more satisfactory to their Inclinations; for having, by her experienced Fidelity acquired, especially among the Ladies, the singular Reputation of a trusty Confident; or, in the Cant of Quality, a very good Woman, which, by Figure in Female-Rhetoric, signifies one that is close-mouthed, and warily wicked enough, to manage with Secrecy the most vicious Intrigue. She is often trusted with those intricate Amours that pass between great Persons, which she always takes Care, to very diligently facilitate, as much for her own Interest, as the Pleasure of those who have chosen her for a Confident. Thus, by Degrees, her Fame is whispered amongst our First-rate Sinners, till she is become venerable in the Thoughts of all high-flown Wantons, from *Southampton-Square* to *Hide-Park-Corner*, and reverenced by the *Toupee-Beaus* and *Fribles*, as much as a Lady-Abbess, by a Convent of young timerous Nuns.

Whatsoever she sells, she is sure to be well paid for it; and for every Room, tho' but occupied an Hour, she is as generously rewarded, as ever was loud-mouthed Mr. — in the Senate, or O — H —, for abusing the most ingenious Man in the Nation. If any unfortunate Lady, out of the Pale of Wedlock, happens to be troubled with a Heaving of the Lights, and a growing Corpulency, and her Reputation be so nice, as to be ashamed of the Distemper, if she can but contrive, by the

the Assistance of her Taylor, to conceal the swelling Misfortune from giving an occular Demonstration of what she has been doing in private, till the Fruit is so ripe, that the Tree is fit to be shaken. Our she Haberdasher of all Wares is never without a Conveniency, where she may privately deposite the Pledge of her Fertility, and be assisted with all the artificial Helps to reduce her to her Maiden Slenderness, and maintain her Reputation of unspotted Virginity, tho' perhaps she never knew, from her Cradle, what was meant by it.

By such Sort of Management, in the dark Mystery of Vice, she gets Money apace, and is so highly carressed, by all those whose Honour and Reputation, are intrusted to her Custody; that besides the golden Pieces that stick to her Hands, she is never without a Present of some dainty Eatables or other, to satisfy her own luxurious Appetite, and strengthen the Body of some Favourite, who is chiefly supported by her lustful Benevolence.

After this Manner she proceeds, and thrives for a Time, till at last, by the cunning Vigilance of some industrious Spy, a great Man's Wife or Daughter is plainly detected under her Roof, in the Practice of Incontinence, which is so whispered about, till a publick Scandal is fixed upon her House; and then her Quality Customers, for the better Security of their own Honour, are forced to withdraw themselves from their old trusty Friend, and dare not

not be seen to approach the Doors, for fear their Reputation should be tainted with the Infection, so that the Greatness of her Rent, the Extravagance of her Living, and the Slackness of her Trade, soon brings her to Poverty, and that to the Infamy of a common Bawd, under which odious Character, she at last perishes, betwixt Want and Distemper, pitied by none, but cursed by many.



Poetical Reflection;

*IF mean lascivious Thoughts defile
My Lady's boasted Blood,
How shou'd, ber poor unletter'd Wench
Be obstinately good?*

*Example has a pow'rful Charm,
To misinform the Mind :
Man must, t' avoid the fatal Snare,
Sometimes by Art be blind.*

*For who can safely fix his Eyes
On a delusive Light,
And from its Magic not receive
Fierce Poison by his Sight.*

No Wonder then, my Lady's Maid,
 When Madam turns a W—re,
 Becomes the same — a pil'ring Thief,
 And arrant Jilt, and more —.

How cautious then should Grandeur be,
 Its Birth-right to disgrace?
 'Tis Honour only can preserve
 The Splendour of their Race:

For when the Servants whore and drink,
 Or trick, and falsely swear,
 Who can believe, the World will say,
 Fair Virtue governs there?



FROM THE
 SPINNING-WHEEL to the COACH;
 OR THE
 RICH HOYDEN.

SHE is the Daughter of a wealthy Grasi-
 er, who, by feeding Oxen, and Fatting
 Hogs for the Navy-Office, has been able to
 match her to a Country Justice, who for the
 Sake of those greasy Baggs of Gold, excuses
 her awkward Waddling like a Duck, with her
 Toes inward, in Imitation of her Mother; but
 now, being made his Worship's Lady, and safe
 from being run away with by some Footman,

we must describe her in the full *Zenith* of her Glory.

To improve her Carriage, and reform her of her rustic Straddle, she is now taught to amble over a Minuet, by some old Dancing-Master, who having run into Debt by Sottishness at *London*, is forc'd to come down into the Country; and by playing a little upon the Fiddle, set up again his old Business of teaching Women the Use of their Limbs, and to drop Curtesies. When she has been painfully taught her hobbling Steps, and made move like a Clock-work-Figure, to the Delight of her Spouse, and the Satisfaction of her Master, she begins to think herself as an accomplished Lady, as any within the Limits of her Husband's Jurisdiction. Thus qualified, at length, she prevails on her Beloved to bring her up to *London*, that she may see the Lions in the *Tower*, the Tombs in the *Abbey*, St. *Paul's* Church; and above all, the Play-House, where she sits staring in the Pit, nodd-ing out of Time to the Musick, and gazing about her as wildly as a Hare new started, till she is as much observed for her awkward Deportment, as if she was some foreign Embas-sadress from the Empress of the *Amazons*, where the Women ride a hunting, whilst the Men stay at home, to skim obsequiously the Porridge-Pot. When the Audience are attentive, she'll be pointing at some of the Actors, and asking silly Questions; and when

the

the rest hiss, she'll laugh as loud as a Country-Booby at a Mountebank ; and when they clap, she'll be ready to *holloo*, tho' she knows no more at what, than the unborn Squire, who is within her. If it chance to be a Tragedy, and a Ghost happens to be usher'd in with Thunder and Lightening, she is as much frighted as a Squirrel at the Noise of a Drum, or a Jack-daw at the Report of a Fowling-piece ; and clings close to her Husband, or any body else, that is next to her, for Fear of the Goblin, wishing the Parson of the Parish was there, to lay the hideous Spirit. At the Hero's Catastrophe, she has a Difficulty to refrain from Shreeking ; and thinks it exceeding cruel, so well dress'd a Gentleman, and fine Speaker, should be used so barbarously. When the Play is ended, she is glad it is over, believing the Stage to be as cruel a Place as a Butcher's Slaughter-house, and hanging upon the Arm of her honest Bed-fellow, asks him as many silly Questions about those strange Things she has seen, as would tire a *Moor-fields* Conjurer, who had been used, his whole Life-time, to the Prattle and Stupidity of Fools and old Women.

If she waddles through the City on Foot, she is sure to make her Yoak-mate so very ridiculous, by peeping into the Shops, and staring at the gilt Signs, that the Apprentices are inclined to think they were both bred from their Cradles under Ground, and had just stole

into the upper World, to gaze with Amazement at the new Glory of the Sun. If she be coached through the Town, she will evermore be popping her Head out of the Coach, to take a View of the Passengers, that those who are with her are forced to put her in Mind, or else she would forget to pull it in again.

If her Husband carries her to a Toy-Shop, she comes loaded out like *Jerry Blackacre* in the *Plain-Dealer*; and a *China Ware*, or a Picture Shop, are such inviting Places, that she cannot return from either, till she has emptied the Pockets of her easy Husband, of all his ready Money, be he never so well furnished. If to present his Dear with a new Gown and Petticoat, he carries her to a Mercer's; she is so wonderfully taken with the Gentility and Complaisance of the clean linnen'd Prentice, that her Husband has much ado to get her out of the Shop again; and is forced, at last, to alarm her with two or three jealous *Humphs*, before he can awake her out of her amorous Dream; and persuade her to step back with her new bought Finery into his old Chariot.

If she chances to have the Honour of seeing His Majesty, she stares him in the Face, remembering well the old Proverb, *That a Cat may look at a King*; and is for peeping as near as she can, to see whether he be made of human Flesh and Blood, or is not of a more refined Nature; and when she has thoroughly convinced herself he is no more than a Man, she retires back, with

with abundance of Satisfaction, and thinks she has made a Discovery worthy of coming up to *London* for. Thus his rural Worship rumbles about his *Hoyden*, from Place to Place, till he has shewed her the Town, and then leaves her in the City, to the Protection of some she Relation, whilst himself rambles daily to take a generous Bottle, among his drunken Acquaintance.

This long desired Opportunity she cunningly improves, with some finnikin young Fellow, that like the politer Part of the World, she may give a Loose to Pleasure, and gratify her vicious Inclinations, at the Expence of her Husband's Honour, till at last she is dragg'd down again into the Country, with her unsuspecting Booby, by a Couple of clumsy Plow-horses, where she wipes her Lips like *Solomon's Harlot*, thinks she has done no harm, and takes her Turn at the Punch-Glaſs; but never forgets her late City Practice, till she has filled his House with such a stupid motley Breed that you would think them related to half the Fox-Hunters in the Country.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

VIRTUE alone can fix the Soul,

And guide the wav'ring Heart;

Vice ever will corrupt the Mind,

And act a sordid Part.

'Tis Education that refines

The Thought, and fills with Light,

The Head, by radiant Science crown'd;

And makes th' Affections bright.

She, who has nothing ever seen,

But Tricks of sneaking Gain;

How should she keep her Bosom pure,

Or from lewd Joy refrain?

Who, for a Portion, then will mix

His Blood with a vile Race;

No Wonder, if Cornuted Brows

Be his deserv'd Disgrace

Sir John, who storms and raves, to find

His Fulvia prove a W—re,

Shou'd well have weigh'd, with Money, what!

Her Mother was before.

O! happy Mitio! who refus'd
 The Golden Bait, and Snare,
 To Thousands, who preferr'd the Charms
 Of Cynthia chaste as fair. *to you did I give it*
twoe yeaers old, in the year 1690. in the month
His Life is made one Scene of Joy,
each Hour by Pleasure bright;
Successive Transport crowns the Day,
And Raptures bless the Night.



HIGH BIRTH, but no FORTUNE;

O R

PROUD POVERTY.

SHE is a kind of *Camelion of Quality*, whose Honour is fed by the Air, and herself supported by her Relations: She is the worthless Twig of some withered Branch of an ancient Family, who inherits nothing of her Ancestors but their Pride and Vanity. She is a conceited Madam *Nice*, who values herself highly on her *Noble Blood*, tho' you may see, by her Looks, it is not half so wholesome as the *Dairy-Maid's*: She is a Lady of great Gentility, but no Fortune; of wonderful Breeding, but no Sense; and in fine, of extravagant Prodigality, without Bottom. Her Beauty, she thinks admirable, on Account of her Youth; her

her Conversation charming, on Account of her polite Education, and her Presence venerable, for the Antiquity of her Family. She is a living Library of obsolete *Heraldry*; and can derive, without Book, her Genealogy down from *William the Conqueror*, among whose shabby Attendants, perhaps the Father of her Tribe came over, a pilfering Foot-Soldier.

If the Countess of *Lumberland*, who keeps her, talks of marrying her to a Citizen, she presently cries, *Foh! at the nasty Mechanic!* and will rather submit to hand her Ladyship the Chamber-pot, and pin up her Gown to Eternity, than dishonour herself so far, as to adulterate her Family with such coarse Alloy! No, truly, she thinks it less Scandal to carry a Knapfack after a Gentleman Soldier, than to shew her Face in a Shop with a long ear'd Fellow, who has served a seven Year's Apprenticeship. If any one offers to court her, the first Question she asks is, *Pray Sir, What's your Coat of Arms? Where lies your Estate? What noble Family are you related to?* And then she proceeds to entertain him with her own Pedigree; but as soon as he takes the Freedom to enquire into Madam's Fortune, she flirts out of the Room, with abundance of Contempt, spits out her Venom, as soon as out of his Sight, and complains to my Lady *Cousin*, (who perhaps but smiles at her,) what an unmannerly *Bumpkin* she has got for her

Ad-

Admirer, that had the Impudence to enquire about her Fortune ; as if a Person of her Family, who, blessed be her Stars, had Youth enough on her Side, as well as Beauty, to recommend her, was not a fit Match for a Country Booby of 500 a Year. The Fellow had the Insolence to start at *no Fortune* ; marry come up, if all Women of good Families were of her Mind, such a Blockhead should be glad to skip at a Chamber-Wench.

If my Lady's Chaplain happens to have Confidence enough to pay his Maiden Addresses to her, in Hopes of obliging the Family to bestow a better Living on him, and provide for him the sooner, she changes her familiar Smiles into a haughty Look, and very gravely tells him, *She would advise him to have Patience, till he comes to be a Bishop ; and if he chances to live single so long, perhaps then she may talk with him* : Yet, was she to be impartially judged by another, and not her own vain Opinion only, notwithstanding her Ambition, which idly hopes for a Coach and Six, the whole Catalogue of her Perfections, considering her *White-chapel* Portion, would scarce deserve a Match with her Cousin Countess's Butler——. I have heard of a Clergyman who was treated in this Manner, and was actually preferred to a Bishoprick afterwards ; and meeting with the very Person by Accident in the Streets, on a Winters Day, he took this innocent Revenge of her, to his own Lady,

L by

by saying, *There goes Mrs. —— in the Rain, not quite so conveniently at present, as we do in our Coach ——.*

It is true, she can sing a *French Song*, and dance a *Minuet*, about as well as the Wife of a *Spittle-fields Weaver*; in short, make herself *Harts-horn Gellies*; and perhaps has learned of the *House-keeper* to prepare and distill *Plague Water*: But, as for her *Inspection* into *Kitchin Management*, or true *Female Policy*, that is, the necessary *Government* of a *Family*, she is as much a *Stranger* to these *Qualifications*, as she is to good *Nature, Humility, and her own Infirmitie*s: Or was she to wear no *Shifts*, but whose *Seams* were wrought by her own *Lilly white Fingers*; when she disrobed at *Night*, she must follow the fashion of a certain *honest Country* called *C--mb--l--d*, where they all tumble into *Bed* *naked*; for she hates to be her own *Seamstress*, because the *Levity* of her *Sex* has made the *Trade* down-right *scandalous*; but she is so *quick-sighted* an *Artist* at *Basset, Omber, and Picquet*, that my *Lady's Daughters*, and the young *Chaplain*, are scarce able to keep a *Penny of Money* from her, tho' the latter oft loses his *Money*, in *Hopes* to gain the *Woman*; and indeed were he to have her, without a *fat Benefice*, it is ten to one, but instead of blessing his *Stars*, he would have some *Reason* to lament his *bad Fortune*, tho' it is a great *Advantage* to a young *Divine*, that he chuses a *Partner* in the *Flesh*,

Flesh, out of a great Family, for by that Means he is generally intitled to the best Pre-ferments that lye within their Presentation; which makes my Lady's Woman fare so well, who so little deserves it.

She is so great a Plague to her Cousin Countess's Footmen, in sending them on Errands to her Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Milliner, that they curse her worse than they do the Steward, when he takes Poundage out of their Wages; yet they are forced to submit, as if they were her own Lacquies, lest she should whisper something in my Lady's Ear, that might turn them out of their Places, for she is a Spy upon the Family, which makes her loved by the Countess, but hated by the Servants. The Waiting-Woman looks upon her with as evil an Eye, as the Heir of the Family does upon an old Spunger, who has the Ear of his Father; and indeed not without Reason, for she often defrauds the under Sycophant of a Gown and Petticoat, which the fawning Slattern is apt to think she has the best Title to, tho' the dependant Kinswoman is as often called upon, to pin or spread the Hoop, as the other; but only, as a Relation has the Honour to sit at my Lady's Table, and be drank to, and saluted sometimes by a Gentleman.

For Want of other Company, she is coach'd sometimes with my Lady to the *Park*, where she erects her Head, and ogles the Quality with as much Confidence, as if she was as

great a Fortune as any there. After this Sort of Manner, the finikin Remnant of some decay'd Branch of an ancient Family spns away her Time, buoyed up with the ambitious Hopes of decoying some wealthy Coxcomb into her insipid Embraces, thinking, that her Coat of Arms, and the Records of her Ancestors, are sufficient to recommend her to a generous Husband, till at last she is convinced, by the melancholy Declension of her youthful Days, and the Autumn of her fading Beauty, that Gentlemen of Worth are not such Fools, as to fling away their Persons and Estates upon the worthless Remains of an extravagant worn out Family, for only the imaginary Honour of wearing a better Coat of Arms upon the Doors of their Coaches. So, that at length, our proud Madam being a little humbled, by her Fits of Repentance, that she has baulked her own Market, resolves not to let slip the next Offer, which, in all Probability, proves an unbeneficed Curate, in hopes of a Living, or some tottering Attorney, to secure the Interest of the Family, who can do no less, than find out Ways and Means to reward the bold Adventurer.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

NO BILITY, if genuine, true,
Is founded in the Mind ;
She's noble, whose exalted Soul
Is gen'rous, chaste, and kind.

To boast of Parentage is vain,
If Baseness stain the Heart ;
She only has a Right to Fame,
Who acts a noble Part.

'Tis Virtue, conscious of high Worth,
Which has a Claim to Praise ;
If Poets gild ungen'rous Deeds,
They but disgrace their Lays,

But tho' conceited Pride will boast
Of honourable Blood,
Yet Truth replies, — all Title's vain,
Except the Heart be good.

Whoe'er, bewitch'd by sound, will take
A haughty Dame for Wife,
Will find her Pride and Lust destroy
All Pleasure of his Life,

With

*With Blanda, how much happier is
Prudentius's blissful Fate?*

*To Virtue wisely, who postpon'd
The Pomp and Curse of State.*

*And lock'd in Blanda's gentle Arms,
Dreams softly Life away;
With Pleasure, sees calm shady Night,
With Pleasure, beamy Day.*



MODERN QUALITY;
OR THE
FORTUNE rais'd LADY.

SHE is the only Daughter of some subtle crafty Citizen, who has cheated the World, starved himself, and mortgaged his Soul, to make his pamper'd Offspring a fit Match for some declining Quality. No sooner is *Miss* called home from her *Hackney Boarding-School*, where it is very likely she has learned all the Paces, as well as Dances, proper for her Sex, but Proposals are made to some young Baronet, whose Writings of his Estate are got into the Clutches of a *Money-Scrivener*, the generous Terms offered to his Worship being

being sufficient to induce him to accept of the *Darling* for his *Lady-Bride*.

Sir *Thomas*, like a prudent Nobleman, having little Regard to the Merits of the *Damsel*; but taking her plentiful Fortune, and the Narrowness of his Circumstances into his wife Consideration; and finding her *Money-Bags* agreeable to his present Necessities, is resolved to lay aside the vain Remembrances of his old mouldy Ancestors, and sell a titular Branch of his empty Honour to a *Mechanic's Daughter*, for a Sum large enough to redeem his Estate, pay off his Debts, retrive his sinking Credit, and make all Things easy; so that the Match is soon concluded, without much Hesitation on either Side. The Jointure settled, the Fortune paid; and up starts my new Lady, who now begins to look as scornfully upon her old *Cheapside* Acquaintance, as a Vintner chosen Sheriff does upon his old Customers, who were the Means of raising the haughty Puppy to that Golden Chain he is so proud of.

Her Parents are so ostentacious of their new ladified Daughter, that they talk of nothing, for a Twelve-month after, but the Nuptial Solemnity, the innocent Deportment of my Lady Bride on the Wedding Night, and the Expence and Sumptuousness of the Marriage-Feast. No sooner is my Lady drag'd down in her new Chariot, by four Cart Mares, to his Worship's Country Seat, but she swells

so fast with her new Title, that she has scarce Affability enough to behave herself handsomely, or give a courteous Reception to a neighbouring Visiter of equal Quality ; and if she be not *Ladyship* at every Word, is apt to think herself affronted ; yet she will sometimes be as familiar with the Knight's Valet, as she used to be at home with her Father's Apprentices, because she is apt to think him a handsomer Man than his Worship. All the rest of his old Servants are soon shifted off, to gratify the haughty Temper of their new Lady. The Footmen, for not bowing low enough, when she speaks to them, the Coachman for swearing at his Horses, and not driving to please her, the Maids for saying *Forsooth Madam*, instead of *Ladyship*, and the Country Cook for spoiling roast Fowls with Butter and Egg Sauce : So that all the honest Country Creatures, whose Probity and Fidelity ought to have attoned for their Ignorance, are sent packing, and a Set of new Town-bred Sycophants and Flatterers brought in, by Degrees, to supply their Places, who will cringe, whisper, backbite, and curry Favour with her *Ladyship*, and humour her to her Mind, in all her Vanities and Vices, on all Occasions.

When the Honey Moon is over, and his Worship begins to find more Satisfaction upon the Back of his bay Gelding, in a Fox Chase, than in the Embraces of his Bride, my Lady begins to pout at his early Rising, and
be

be very uneasy to see herself less regarded by her Bridegroom than his Dogs, and his Horses: Besides; his drinking *March Beer*, and smoaking Tobacco, makes his Mouth at Night smell as nauseous as the Bowl of a foul Pipe, and as sour as the Bung-hole of an old Barrel; so that she cannot turn to him in conjugal Kindness, but she is ready to be poisoned.

These intolerable Grievances provoke her Ladyship beyond all Hypocrisy, and make her resolve to unbridle that true womanish Temper, which she thought at first was but Prudence to dissemble. Now, to let her Husband see she is not descended of so tame a Breed, but that by the accustomary Quality of her benevolent Sex, she can scold as hearty as a Poetic *Juno*; she begins with her Maids, and so, by degrees, goes round the whole Family, to breath her Lungs, and exercise her Talent, before she attacks his Worship, that she may then exert her feminine Heroism with the greatest Vigour. It is not long before she assumes a Provocation, and takes a seasonable Opportunity to give him a Taste of her *Ter-magancy*, which she does publickly at Table, to shew her City-Breeding before some of his principal *Cronies*, to whom her Ladyship has the greatest Aversion.

This unexpected Alarm is such a strange Surprise to his Friends, and his Family as well as himself, that they are all startled at her ill Manners, as well as her Uneasiness; and his

Companions ready to take their Leave; as soon as Dinner is over, fearing their Company has been the Occasion of the Quarrel. The Husband being a Gentleman of a pacific Temper, thinks it beneath his Manhood to resent the Follies of a Woman; so puts up the Affront, judging rightly the Occasion of her over-warm Impatience to arise from his drinking too much, and neglecting conjugal Duties; so resolves to make up all at Night, by a loving Reconciliation; but instead of that, meets with nothing but Coldness and Complaints, with snarling Expressions of her Detestation of a filthy Country Life, with her Resolution to go to Town; or else she is sure she shall never be easy in her Mind, or healthful in her Body.

By such sort of repeated Outrages, hypocritical Vapours, and dissembled Agues, she at length teases him to a Compliance, and makes him leave off his hospitable House-keeping, to take fine Lodgings in *Grosvenor-Square*, or *St. James's*, that she may show her Charms in the Park, become acquainted with Quality, have the Diversion of the Play-house, wear as rich Apparel as the best of Quality, have her fine Coach and gay Liveries; and to crown the rest of her Satisfactions, win over some distinguished Coxcomb, to dub her Husband, a Knight of the true *Horned Order*, which is done at last so effectually, and by such a Variety of Admirers, that his

his Worship's Estate, by Means of her Extravagance, is soon reduced to a worse Condition, than before he married her; and my Lady, and her Husband, by her infamous Practices, are made the common Table-Talk of every *Intriguing Beau, Court Paramour, and Play-house Courtezan*: and this is so common a Fate, that attends these upstart honourable Jilts, who are suddenly raised to a Title, when they have nothing in Nature or Education, to enable them to support the Blaze of gay Quality, that their Eyes, tho' perhaps thought beautiful, are too weak to sustain the Lustre of a Court, without being dazled, and yielding to the amorous Attempts of every young loose Libertine.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*NOBILITY should draw its Rise
From Godlike Virtu's spring;
When Vice once stains the Soul, it makes
A Vassal of a King.*

*Ten Thousand Passions cloud the Soul,
To Fordid Thoughts resign'd;
A Star may glitter on the Breast
That bides a gloomy Mind.*

*And tho' a Lady's Face be fair,
And help'd by ev'ry Art,
In vain the pendant Diamonds shine,
Not Gold can gild the Heart.*

*If Lewdness be her grand Delight,
And make her Fancy rave,
Her Husband must Dishonour bear,
Or turn a senseless Knave.*

*She'll make him sell his Right to Heav'n,
And everlasting Fame ;
Drink to the Lees th' enchanted Cup
Of Infamy and Shame.*



T H E
G R E A T M A N ' S P R O S T I T U T E ,
O R T H E
A C T R E S S *taken into KEEPING.*

SHE is generally an illegitimate Child, put out in her Infancy with a small Sum, to be clandestinely brought up by some indigent Taylor's or Shoemaker's Wife ; or else lawfully begotten indeed, but by some impudent Porter or Waterman, and early initiated

itiated in all the Mysteries of *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane*. For her first Step to Advancement is about the Age of Twelve or Thirteen, when she goes to Market with her Mother, and helps her to bring home Fruit, or take Care of a Stall, that neither Pigs or Boys invade *Mamma's* Property ; and from thence is further promoted, to cry Fruit and Oranges about the principal Streets of *London* and *Westminster*, when growing up in this Time a pretty handsome Wench, she begins to neither want Impudence or Beauty, to qualify her for that Station, which her Genius seems to design her for.

At length being taken notice of, by some strolling Players, her Mother is solicited, by some experienced Matron in the Company, that she may be trained up in their Nursery of Virtue, and entered in the List of *wandering Comedians*, which, after the deceitful Promises of wonderful Preferment, the Mother consents to ; and so at once her Rags are changed into shining Tinsels, her dirty jolly Face into a patch'd Countenance, and her Straw Hat into a Plume of Feathers. And thus an impudent young Slut is turned into Miss _____ and made a fair *Helen of Greece*, or a famous *Cleopatra*, the very next Opportunity ; which, considering her Education, she performs so far beyond Expectation, at the upper End of *Smithfield*, or in some Country Barn, that all the Apprentices and Cook-maids

Maids are mightily pleased, and all the Players enamoured of her ; but her grave Tutoress takes care to prevent their too early Addresses. She does not long exercise her Talent in this inferior Station, till she is invited to a nearer Approach to the Place of her Nativity, and has the Honour to be elected one of his M—y's Comedians, and takes her Place upon the Stage accordingly, where her youthful Beauty, tho' originally derived from dirty Garden-Stuff, outshines those meagre, silly, hectic Faces in the Front-Boxes, who have nothing but the shadow of Honour, and boasted Quality to recommend to the Eyes or Esteem of their Equals.

Being a new Face, the empty headed Beaus and Coxcombs admire her, the Ladies envy her, the old crippled Debauchees applaud her, and all encourage her with their Claps of Thunder. Now nothing but Lords and Dukes are in her Head ; having her Expectation raised by the Annals of that Place of Preferment ; and her Genius is so adapted to her new Employment, that she needs no petty Artifices to support her Confidence ; but performs her Parts with such an undaunted Intrepidity, that the Audience might rationally suppose her Mother had been an Actress, her Father an undaunted Player, and their Nuptial-Chamber behind the Scenes. However, a good Assurance, being the prime Virtue of a free Actress, as well as a frank Harlot, it gives such a tempting Gloss to her theatri-

theartical Perfections, that it seldom raises a Woman from the Stage to her Coach, without being prostituted, so that the same Qualifications that fit her for the Playhouse, equip her for the Bed-Chamber ; for she that treads the Stage for her Support, or surrenders her Charms into the Embraces of a Keeper, must first resolve to lay aside her Modesty, or else expect she will never please a sinful Andience, or a lustful Lover.

When she is thus raised to the highest Pinnacle in the Temple of Destruction, by which Youth and Beauty are decoyed into a shameful Preferment, the honourable Libertines of the Age, who make the Stage a Nursery of their Vices, begin to be as busy about the young, vain airy Creature, as a parcel of red Flies about a Cow's Excrement in the Heat of *May*, tho' it is very likely her loose Affections are already squander'd, and her Virginity been thrown away upon some amorous young Rake of her own Quality, who by Singing, Dancing, or some other Stage Performance, has made a fix'd Conquest of her Heart, and banish'd all her maiden Fears, if she was ever sensible of any: For, as they commonly rise, rather from a Dread of Shame than a Sense of Duty, they are but a slender Guard to Female-Virtue, which, for want of a firm Footing upon the solid Ground of a truly rational and religious Education, leaves the youthful Mind exposed to the Danger of that foulest of Monsters, Lust, which

which for its Fury and Deformity may be justly called a Dragon; and whoever subdues it in all its Ferocity, certainly deserves as well to be saifited as St. *George of Capadocia*.

Thus, by that Time our youthful Wanton has been thoroughly initiated into the amorous Society of Sworn Comedians, and has been just long enough conversant with the counterfeit Queens and Sham-Heroes, to have an Idea of pageant Grandeur; she is passionately solicited by some old Leacher, whose Lust prompts his tenaceous Avarice to make her large Promises; but she is too cunning to believe such a Practitioner's Art in Words, to comply without a Settlement for Life; before she submits to his G—e's honourable infatiate Lust. For was it not for the Condition, *fine quā non*, nothing would induce *Roxana* to take such a latme Piece of Iniquity into her Arms: However, the Ambition of wearing fine Apparel, and shewing herself in one of his G—e's gaudy Coaches, soon prevails with her to quit the Stage-Allowance for a better Maintenance, which she enjoys for a Time, till tired and surfeited with the lewd Impotency of her doating Keeper, she is at last detected by some Spy upon her Virtue, in communicating her Favours to a Gallant that has a better Plea for his Vice and Folly.

Thus she is forced to return to her former Scenes of Life, till at last, Age, Ugliness and Distemper frighten away her Admirers, and reduce her when destitute of her delusive Charms

Charms, to a miserable State of Poverty ; so as
she was born in a Cellar, she is compelled by Ne-
cessity to make her Exit in a nauseous Garret,



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*WHAT generous Man would not disdain
To mix with Scum his Blood ;
That noble Breast will scorn a W—re
Whose Heart within is good.*

*Virtue has Right to know itself,
Nor throw its Jewels down ;
Before the bestial Herd, or stain
The Honours of its Crown.*

*Immortal Splendor round its Head,
A radiant Light displays ;
For where the Smile of Heaven points
Must be a God-like Blaze.*

*What Pity then, weak Man should bow
To Idols of his own,
Ambition, Fear, — or trembling Dread,
A worthless Strumpet's Frown.*

*The free-born Soul should keep its Ear
Intent to Virtue's Lure ;*

*The Path of Honour firmly tread,
And Heaven-ward boldly soar.*

*Beauty would then disgrac'd appear,
That sinks in wanton Lust,
And crowns not by the Power refin'd
Of Virtue — gilded Dust.*



THE
SANDY HAIR'D LADY,
OR THE
YOUNG WANTON.

SHE is as wild as a Heifer in the Warmth of *Spring*, that mistakes herself for the Bull of the Pasture: Her Eyes strike Fire at the Sight of an agreeable young Gentleman; and the Heat of her Inclinations are so visible in her Countenance, that her Mother is forced to call her aside, and reduce her to some Moderation, by a sharp Reprehension, for Fear she should gaze herself into such a Love Ecstasy, as would betray the Fervency of her Desires, and Forewardness of her Youth, in the Sight of the Company, to the Shame of her Sex, and the Scandal of her Virginity.

When

When out of the View of those who have the Power to controul her, she is as frolicksome as a young Kitten, that is playing with a String, will behave herself as skittishly as a Forrest Colt that was never handled; and will dance and caper about the Parlour, and dispose her Limbs into as many Postures, as a Monkey in the Height of his Mirth. And all these Airs, and indecent Actions, are performed in the Sight of the Men-Servants, as well as the Maids, as if the amorous *Hoyden* had a mind, by her loose Carriage, to excite the Family to that Levity, which the Care of others, against her own Will, had hindered her from practising.

Her Thoughts are always so intent on the Holy State of Matrimony, I should have said that Part which is most conducing to the Pleasure of her Fancy, that she is always best pleased with her Maid, when she tickles her Ears with Stories that have a delightful Tendency to nuptial Familiarity; and has always an old Pair of Gloves, or a cast off Topknot, to encourage her to be mindful of repeating the same amusing Entertainments the first Opportunity; for nothing wins her more, than talking of those Enjoyments, which she thinks the Time long, till she is possest of. She is so great a Lover of the Playhouse, that her honourable Mother has a great deal of Difficulty to steal an Intrigue without her; for if she has the least Suspicion, that virtuous Ma-

dam, by the Airiness of her Drefs, and pleasantness of her Countenance, has repaired her fading Charms for the Theatre, my Lady has as much Difficulty to shake off her Daughter, as a generous Cully has a foreward Sharper, when he is going to give his Mistress a Tavern Entertainment; for *Miss*, tho' she is hitherto a Stranger to Intriguing, yet she can ogle the *Beaus*, and hold up her Fan at an immodest Jest, with as graceful an Air, and as quick an Apprehension, as her experienced Mother.

Dancing she loves as dearly, as a young Kitten loves frisking; and thinks nothing more genteel and suitable to her Youth, than to be handed out to a Dance, by a gay, airy young Spark. He that gives her, as they term it, the genteel Squeeze by the Hand, she always admires for the most accomplished Gentleman in the Company, and receives every such wanton Daliance as a private Signal of his cordial Affection, which she would soon gratify, if he could but contrive to get her behind the Curtain, but her watchful *Mamma* knowing it too well, keeps as diligent an Eye over her, as ever the Dragon did the *Hesperian* Golden Apple, for else, whoever won over the Maid, might be sure of *Miss*'s Honour, and tender Virginity, for the least Shake of full ripe Fruit will make it fall from the Branches; when she gets but an Hour free from the Superintendency of her Mother, she is as wild as a *March Hare*;

Hare ; and if she steals but into the Pantry, without Notice, she is ready to hang upon the Back of the Butler, she is so forwardly inclined to Wedlock ; and if she steps into the Court Yard, while her Maid is toying with the Footman, she wants nothing but a Horse and a Pillion, to be run away with to the next Church, and get married ; or rather than fail, she would trudge through dirty Ways, and clamber over Stiles, with a brisk young Fellow, who can lend her a Lift, if there was Occasion for it.

Tho' she is of a yellow Complexion, yet her Hair and her Eyebrows are made brown by Art ; but the Freckles on her Face, and her Eyelashes, are a sufficient Indication of her amorous Complexion ; besides, the Vehemency of her Desires so clearly shines through the Windows of her Soul, that it is not in the Power of her ill dissembled Modesty to conceal them. If she stirs in hot Weather, the Effluvia that evaporate from her fair Skin have exactly the Fragrancy of *Lowver-vain*, which our learned Botanists honour with the Name of *Herba Vulvaria* ; however, this she can qualify upon Occasion with Lozenges, Perfumes, sweet Bags, as *nice Quality* do the Workings of their Physic, by a *Cedar Close-Stool* Cafe. Under these Disadvantages, the poor young Miss is forced to wait for a Husband, till she either steals a lucky Opportunity of helping herself to some

unequal Match; to her Parent's Dissatisfaction, or that her Friends provide for her some Flounder-mouthed Blockhead, of equal Worth and Quality, that has nothing to recommend him to the Favour of a Woman, but his Acres and his Family; so that as their Fortunes are agreeable, their Imperfections are answerable, and he by Nature, as well adapted to Cuckoldom, as she is by her inordinate Desires, to be a lascivious Betrayer of conjugal Loyalty; and I wish no Priests ever employed, or rather prostituted their Function, in making more unnatural Matches.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*IF Virtue do not soon possess
The youthful tender Heart,
But Vanity must take its Place,
Vice claims the greatest Part.*

*In vain the Daemon you'd dislodge,
When resolute in ill,
Tho' Virtue use her heav'nly Charms,
Fixt Vice will have its Will.*

*Lust will engross the Soul, whose Thoughts
Are with no Truth refin'd;
'Tis God-like Virtue only can
exalt the human Mind.*

And

*And earlier its Pow'r is felt,
More happy for that Breast ;
For who ne'er err'd from Virtue's Path,
Must be supremely blest.*

*But never hope sweet Friendship's Charms,
From a lewd graceless Mind ;
'Tis virtuous Education makes
The Soul humane and kind.*

*For when young Miss, her Mamma sees
A loose abandon'd W——re,
If she's a Genius in her Kind,
She's that, perhaps, and more.*



T H E
BOUNTIFUL LADY.

SHE is the honourable Widow of a true *English* Nobleman, who derives her hospitable Temper, as well from the generous Example of her own Ancestors, as from the habitual Bounty and Hospitality of her deceased Lord; and is so cordially affected to the healthy Situation of her ancient rural Seat, as if Heaven designed she should lie under no Temptation that might tempt her to prefer the vicious Life of

of a Court Lady, to the venerable and amiable Character of an *English* Peeres, and a liberal Benefactress to all round about her. Her Pride is seen in nothing but her well furnished Cellars, and plentiful Table; and her virtuous Affections, next to the Source of all Beauty and Perfection, are chiefly limited to her own honourable Relations, her old fashioned honest Servants, and God's humble Dependents, the Poor, *the virtuous Poor I mean*, who never return home from *her Gates of Benediction*, but with their Laps full of Victuals, and their Mouths full of Prayers, for the good and noble hearted Lady, and all her generous Family; for her very Servants contract a Habit of Benevolence by her Example.

Her Humility is such, that she thinks it no Dishonour to spread a Plaister for a poor Tenant, or send a wholsome Medicine to a sick Neighbour, to save them oftentimes both Expence and Danger, from *Quackish Ignorance* and *Avarice*. She lives up to, without Affectation, the ancient Character of the Nobility, when Honour and Generosity were the greatest Ornaments at a *British* C—t, and Piety, Religion, and Humility, the glorious Decoration of the Churches. She obliges her whole Family to their Christian Duty, as oft as she eats, and keeps a learned benevolent old Director, who scorns to make Religion a Stalking-Horse to private Interest, to disfigure the Church, screen a Den of Thieves, and forward

ward his Country's Ruin for Promotion, and a more sanctified but empty Title, without Conscience, Charity and Devotion: In short, he is a plain, down-right, honest, understanding Man, who thinks the meanest Cowardice is sneaking to the Devil, and the greatest Dishonour a Habit of Vice and Covetousness. She has all things limited to certain Times and Seasons, so that her Servants are never at a Loss what to do, but every one, by an ancient and laudable Custom, is put in Mind, at the Return of the Hours of his respective Duty.

All things are carried on with so commendable a Regularity, that the Hour of the Day is as well known, by the several Exercises of her Family, as it is by the Clock; nor can any Accident obstruct the circular Motion of her Domestic Affairs, (all things are ordered with that Care and Exactness) except some extraordinary Impediment of God's own providential sending. Her House is a Land of *Canaan* all the Year, that overfloweth with Milk and Honey, which is as free for the Refreshment of all civil Strangers, as to her own Family, for the glories as much in her true Christian universal Hospitality, as our modern Ladies, in the Victories they gain by their triumphant Eyes, and celebrated Beauty; and she is sure of Comfort from the King of Kings, whom she serves, when the others are rack'd with Dispair, by the Ingratitude of their worthless Lovers. Tho' her external Charms, which were the

O

Joy

Joy and Rapture of her Comfort, by Reason of Age, may fall short, perhaps of some of the C—t Brilliants, yet she wins all that know her by her Virtues, as the others do by their Vices ; and obtains a more universal Veneration, by her Generosity and Goodness, than the most admired Lady of the Times can procure to herself, by her youthful Gaiety and obliging Favours, that are so often talked of to her Disadvantage, and the Hazard of that Honour which she boasts of, and has in Reality so very little of, that she often makes herself a Sink to the Lasciviousness of a bruitish stupid Coxcomb.

Not only her Person, but her Name commands Respect, for her undeniable good Actions, where-ever it is mentioned ; and whenever she appears abroad, she is honoured as a Miracle of the weaker Sex, who in our latter Ages of Corruption, have been first debauched by the Men, and then exposed to Scorn, Contempt and Infamy, that even their very Sons can scarce believe their Mothers honest. Good GOD ! what will this end in ? Her Drefs is grave and noble, becoming the Serenity of her Looks, and the Majesty of her Deportment, her Language kind and Affable, her Expressions wise, and to the Purpose, suitable to her Quality, and answerable to her Character, her Mind enriched with all the Graces of Education, and the Virtues of Christianity, and her Countenance adorned with all the

the Signs of Heaven's Love, true Piety, and undissembled Humility. Such was that Mirror of Perfection ————— who is now a bright Inhabitant of Heaven.

Her Library consists of the best Authors in different Languages, famed as well for their Sincerity and Goodness, as their Learning and Labours, that she may never want sufficient Helps, to direct her Soul with Safety through the Storms and Tempests of this mortal Life, which beat against the first Rate Ships of high Dignity, as well as the Gallies of inferior Stations. Thus she lands, by the Guidance of Providence, in a calm and ever blessed Eternity. Her chief Entertainment and Delight is her daily further Enquiry into the Mysteries of Holiness, and the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of God's Love; and her sweetest Recreations are her repeated Exercises of unfeigned Devotion, which is the truest Cordial of the human Heart. In short, she is a Resemblance of Divinity on Earth; and her Tenants, her Servants, Neighbours, and the Poor, are the Persons that expect a Blessing from her, above what they look for from any other Person on Earth. Now, let the World show me so good a Woman in so bad an Age, and I will confess I wrote the Character for her. I hope this will please many, upon Account of their general Acquaintance. I am the Ladies very humble Servant.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

HOW mean the Breast ! whose narrow Soul
Ne'er did a gen'rous Deed,
But grip'd insatiate at Gold,
Or made the Harmless bleed.

*Virtue delights in noble Acts,
And scorns a sordid Part,
The World intire can never fill
A God-like virtuous Heart.*

*How bright must Charity then shine,
In Realms of Light above ?
The Fav'rite ev'n of GOD himself,
The GOD of endless Love.*

*What can imagin'd be on Earth,
More beautiful or rare,
Than emulous of this blest Task,
To see the gentle Fair.*

*While soothing Wards, like healing Balm,
Pours Gladness to all Hearts ;
And a free Hand, like Providence,
Its bounteous Gifts imparts;*

Sure,

*Sure, if a Blessing lies in Store,
The choicest Gift of Heav'n,
That Blessing will, by Nature's GOD,
Be to such Virtue giv'n.*

The End of the First Part.



(101)

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P A R T II.

THE
MODISH GENTLEMAN,
OR,
ARTFUL POLITICIAN.



IS Person is of a delicate Make, in which Dame Nature has been liberal of external Ornaments ; but the Furniture within is of an odd Compound, so that it seems partly derived from the College and partly from the Dancing-School ; for tho' his Head is generally fill'd with some of the most modish Systems of Sceptism in Divinity, and some almost as refin'd Criticisms upon the ancient Poets, as being Men that wanted Fire, and a true Relish of Plea-

P sure ;

sure; so that he is as great a Plague to a Priest or Poet as a prating Fool is to a wise Philosopher; yet his studied Flexibility and voluble Tongue, with his mannerly Condescensions, and genteel Courtship of the Fair Sex, recommend him to the World as an accomplish'd Gentleman. His greatest Conversation, in order to gain a general Reputation, and a public Character is with the celebrated Wits and Politicians of the Age (for a Man in our Age will not be esteem'd a Wit, except he deals in Politics like ~~—~~) with whom he behaves himself with that wonderful Liberality, and conformable Levity, that he is soon cryed up for a Man of admirable Temper, unbounded Liberality, general Acquirements, and polite Learning; tho' his Pocket rather than his Parts, and perhaps some drudging Scrivener, have been the principal Cause of his extensive Reputation. The better to support which in the Opinion of the Ladies, many proper Monuments are raised by his own poetical Genius to the everlasting Honour of their transcendent Beauty, in hopes that his Wit as well as his Person may be a Means of recommending him to a general Esteem amongst the amorous Quality of the fair Sex, who have it largely in their Power to answer her Ambition as well as answer his Love. For whoever can win the effectual Favours of a ~~C~~—t Beauty, is always a near Neighbour to a lucrative Employment.

The

The readiest Way of a young Gentleman's climbing into Court-Favour in our present Age is by making a Favourite Woman his Ladder; but let him make use of every amusing Artifice; or else, tho' his Ascent may flatter his Hopes, his Fall from his Preferment may chance to break his Neck. When thus by Treating poor, mean spirited Wits, and cajoling great Ladies, he has acquired the Reputation of an amorous, ingenious, complaisant, perfect Gentleman; his next Busines is to make himself a constant Visiter of all publick Places, *The Bath, Tunbridge, &c.* Where the Ladies rendevouz in the Summer Time, for the Sake of those private *Recreations*, which they have the Vanity to think Mankind are so stupid, they hide from the searching Eyes of the World, under the Gause Pretence of Drinking the Waters for their Healths Sake, which is so thin a Covering for their Vices and Amours, that their very Lackies discern, and often have Share in their scandalous Intrigues and Coquetry; so that the Servants make the abandon'd Lewdness of their Ladies the Subject of their rude Laughter and Raillery in publick Alehouses. Having a soft Countenance, tall Stature and courtly Deportment, he soon winds himself into the Affection of some leading Lady, by the Help of whom he easily inspects into the Labyrinth of Wickedness behind the Curtain, and has a Clue given him that enables him to enter into the Mazes

of

of those Love-Arcanas which are the readiest Paths that lead obscurely to Riches, Honour and Authority ; for more handsome Gentlemen have increased their Fortunes by the Favour of *Venus*, than they ever did by *Mars* ; tho' I know the Sword is often brandish'd as a specious Pretence, when it was *Cupid's* Dart did the Business, and if they had not been oftner in a Lady's Chamber than the Field of Battle, they might have fought themselves into as many Scars, as an old Bear-Garden *Gladiator*, before they would have rais'd themselves to the Dignity of an Ensign. No sooner is he become the Favourite of some powerful Lady of Quality, but something or other is proposed to him worthy of his Merit and Acceptance ; and the greater the Lady he has the Fortune to oblige, the surer Hopes he has of further Preferment. Women are always ambitious of rais'ing their Gallants equal to themselves ; for fresh Honour heap'd upon an old Friend makes him become new to his Mistress's Embraces. Grandeur always proves a sure Spur to a Woman's Lust ; for which Reason a Court-Lady, if possible, is sure to prefer her Paramour, to apologize, as she thinks, in the Sentiments of the World for her Levity.

When our artful Gentleman, or climbing Venturer has established his Interest like Sir _____ and got sure Footing among the Court-Ladies, he then begins to work himself into the Conversation of great Men, who are

are also able to give him a Lift, when Opportunity serves, that may raise him a Peg higher. The Lord, that sets himself up for the *Meçenas* of the Age, he flatters with his Poetry, the proud one he humours with his low Bows, and obsequious Cringes ; and the Scholastic Peer he studies to entertain with his Dissertations, and foolish Criticisms on good Authors. The young Nobleman he diverts with lying Pamphlets, and Intrigues of the Town, and the old Letcher with some bawdy Stories, Catalogues of new Faces, and the History of the reigning Beauties. Thus he insinuates himself by degrees into the Favour of great Men, that he may have the Honour, at any Time, of dining with a Nobleman, and boasting over a Bottle with the lesser Quality, what a considerable Interest he has at Court, which procures him abundance of Respect from all his Acquaintance : So that having the Favour of the Ladies, the Encouragement of the Nobles, the Love of his numerous Acquaintance ; and all these centering in the mighty Advantage of an able Man, and loyal Subject, he rises gradually to be a great Man ; and then, like a true C——r, he proves ungrateful to his Friends, flights his Acquaintance, is a meer Sycophant to his P——e, and treacherous to his Country, as if he designed to make good the old Proverb, *That Greatness and Goodness seldom go together.* And how he

he further behaves himself in Power, I design to show you in the following Character.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

AMBITION, thou false glittering Blaze
 Of a delusive Light,
Thou Ignis fatuus of the Mind,
 To Folly only bright.
 Thro' what perplexing sordid Paths
 Thou lead'st the Crowd of Slaves,
 That at thy servile Altars bow,
 And guilty Honour craves?
 No Actions, tho' most vilely mean,
 Th' ambitious Wretch will shun,
 But wou'd commit, for courtly Smiles
 New Crimes beneath the Sun.
 Would prostitute a Sister's Charms,
 would take a Brother's Life,
 Thousands of Friends to Murder doom,
 Or sell a modest Wife.
O sacred Lust, of boundless Sway!
 Who shall thy Rage confine?
 While

While flatt'ring Crowds their Homage bring,
And Riches round thee shine.

The Man, who once the Influence feels,
Of the infernal Mind,
Rather than not ascend to Pow'r,
Wou'd ruin all Mankind.

Thus Cludio shake the Roman State,
And spilt his Country's Blood,
Because his Passion, Grandeur was,
Not to be brave and good.

Devout to Vengeance be the Man,
Who would pale Mis'ry spread ;
The Wrath of Heav'n his Deed attend,
And Thunder strikes him dead.



T H E
C O R R U P T S T A T E S M A N ,
O R
C O M P L E T E C O U R T I E R .

FURTHER Riches, greater Power, and
higher Dignities, are the End of all his
Actions ; to arrive at these imaginary Honours,
he

he will dissemble with all Mankind, flatter his P—e, and betray his Country; for his aspiring Hopes soar so dangerously high on the Wings of Ambition, that he is proudly resolved to hazard Life and Conscience, that he may climb over the Heads of his Competitors, keep his Rival in Subjection, and make his Enemies fear him; to accomplish which, if a Nation be divided, he sets his Engines at Work to widen the Breach, for his *Credenda* are, that every Tool under him should be ready to do every vile Action at Command, and keep up an associated Temper in Wickedness among themselves, so that continually driving in new Wedges, he keeps the Separation from closing, just as a knavish Surgeon supplies a Wound with fresh Tent, to hinder it from healing, that he may find his Advantage, by prolonging the Cure: But I would have all such Villains, (I mean that continue so.) to meet with a publick Punishment, and depart this World with that Odium they deserve.

When by cunning Artifices he has warmed all Parties into an Humour of Dissention, his next Business is to coin and spread abroad such taking Distinctions, that the giddy Multitude, who are always fond and forward to embrace new Follies to their Ruin, may be proud to bear, as Badges of their Zeal to their different Opinions, in Speculations of Religion, or Marks of their Love and Loyalty to their

Prince

Prince and Country, according to what Designs their treacherous Director, who gave them their foolish Distinctions, intends to carry on, under the mischievous Breaches he is about to widen. Every Man's Memory will furnish him, I believe, with an Example: As to those nominal Symbols, or empty Elements, such as malicious, disaffected Wig, and Tory, I had like to have said high Church and low Church; but these Distinctions are found of no further Use, &c. He assigns such certain Principles both in Religion and Government, as may be most suitable to his wicked Purposes: So that whoever takes up the Name must maintain the Tenets affix'd thereto, tho' never so heterodox, dangerous, stupid, or diabolical, or else he is look'd upon as a timerous Brother, that is not profligate enough to fight on the Devil's Side, and do his utmost in a bad Cause: When by the Help of lying News-Papers, pernicious Pamphlets, fictitious Stories, and surprizing Whispers, he has thoroughly kindled up the Coals, and made the opposite Parties so jealous of each other, that they are so inflamed, as to be ready to spit Fire-like Fiends in each others Faces; he to be sure dissembles with the richest Side, as least dangerous and most profitable; and so seemingly espouses their Interest at all Elections, and in his noisy, elaborate, parliamentary Speeches, that he soon procures, among the strongest

avaritious Party, the high-flown, pompous Title of a glorious Patriot, and depending on the Number of deluded Fools for his steady Security, he then sets himself up behind the august Curtain of Power, as the zealous advocate of every aspiring Faction, who under the *Rose*, apply to their Favourite Idol on all Occasions, and so tumble their Money into his gaping Coffers (for all Fools are liberal to the Partizan of their own Folly ; and all the Knaves in the Universe know it) that he is at last purchased to be their real equal Friend, as far as a Rogue can be so, tho' perhaps he meant no more at first, than to act the Part of a cunning Hypocrite ; yet still he gives such earnest Protections of his Zeal and Fidelity to his flatter'd ~~P—e~~, that credulous Majesty has scarce any Room to doubt of his Sincerity ; persuading his Sovereign to believe, that all those Bickerings and Divisions among his Subjects, may at such a Juncture, by a little seasonable Management, be made highly useful to the Advantage of his Government, and if rightly temper'd with a due Proportion of agreeable Policy, may be so cultivated as to advance the regal Authority to a higher Pitch of Security and Despotism than it stands at that Time when it is given, and accordingly prepares a Scheme for the same Purpose, which is privately communicated to the ~~r—l~~ Hand, and backed with such strenuous Arguments, and subtle Evasions

as in a great Measure prevail on the Prince, and draw him to a Compliance. Then, in order to put his new Stratagem in Execution, great Removes are made at Court, and more admitted to Peep into the Arcana, but such whom our corrupt Statesmen has prepared, to carry on the grand Intrigue of his own Iniquity: Persons so loose in their Principles and so very Mercenary, that they would Sell their native Country, to a Parcel of irreligious Miserers, to fill their Coffers, at the Expence of their weaker Fellow-Subjects; and labour under the Umbrage of pretended Reformation and I know not what Purity of Religion, to reduce all beneath them into a real State of Slavery, to raise themselves and Families above the Reach of human Justice, and the Terror of the Laws.

When such a Villain has settled all Things pursuant to his Scheme, then according to *Jugurtha's Sarcasm on Rome*, in it's Declension of generous Liberty: All Things are vendible for Money. So that the Party that is richest is sure to be upermost, except they be as Teaacious and Avaritious as their own Idol, and then Justice upon all occasions must Bow to the Golden Calf. The Money'd side like wild Horses, shall have their full Liberty of running and Gallopping at random, without the easiest Bridle (except that Curb which Nature puts in the Jaws of that *Leviathan*, the World) to moderate their Fury, while those being de-

ceitfully divested both of Riches and Authority shall be severely rid and punished with Stripes; and if they offer to complain, be both whipped and spurred, loaded and oppressed with such intolerable Burdens as shall make their very Lives bitter to them: Such merciless Task-Masters have they of their own Creating, and thus must inevitably sink by degrees into a State of Poverty, Dependance and Slavery: This is the Design of all tyrannical Governments, and all are such under corrupt Ministers: For when an evil Minister has the Ear and Favour of a mild Prince, the Majority of a Nation are sure to be harrast, till the Mercy of Omnipotence delivers such an unhappy Pe—e and People from the mercenary Hands of imperious State-Jockies; who may be sure, as soon as ever God forces the Reins out of their Hands, they will be dismounted like *Bellarophon*, and trampled to Death by the Mobile, without the least Compassion, to the Satisfaction of their deluded Prince; for it is an Axiom as sure as Providence, that whosoever is villainous in his Rise, and continues to be so, must be miserable in his Fall.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

TO greatly aim at Glory's Mark,
To be both brave and good,
Ambition is, that's worthy Man,
And of the noblest Blood:

For what can fill th' aspiring Soul
With warmer Sense of Joy,
Than when bright Actions blaze around,
And all its Powers employ:

But while the Mind by Vice enslave'd
To Merit cannot rise,
It strives to cast a Veil o'er Crimes,
And blind impartial Eyes:

Acted by Avarice, Pride and Pow'r,
Revenge and haughty Lust,
'Twou'd it's own Country blot with Shame,
And Nations lay in Dust.

Inverted Lust of Fame thou worst,
Of all the Ills of Life;
Thou fill'st the World with loud Alarms,
And ev'ry Land with Strife.

How

*How happy then is Cottage-Rest,
From War and Noise remov'd :
Let me that wish'd for Bliss obtain,
And dye of Heaven belov'd.*



THE
AMBITION CLERGYMAN,

HE is a grave Person who wears his Religion in his Robes, his Virtue in his Looks, and his Conscience in his Pocket : For were it not for his Gown the World would be at a Loss, to know by his Practice, whether he was a Churchman in any Sense, or a modern Layman. The chief Article of his Faith is, that the good things of this Life, are very comfortable and solid Blessings ; and that he may with as little Prejudice to his real happiness, as a Layman, prevaricate, and act counter to his own clear Conscience, to enjoy them in Afluence. Therefore, tho' his Countenance cheats a whole Parish at once by a feigned shew of Piety in the Pulpit, yet he is no sooner out of it, but he will be easily tempted with a less Bribe than a Bishoprick, to dissent from every Doctrine which before

fore the Temptation was thrown in his Way, he cou'd always find Scripture enough, (as he wou'd have had it believed,) to verify. But now the Tide is turned, and his mercenary Conscience is preparing his humble Adoration at large to the great *Pan*, or *Mammon*; a lucky Sacrifice to whom, his Saintship thinks of more Consequence, than the Ten Commandments: So prevailing a Bait is that shining, *Proteus-like Metal*, that neither Precepts of Religion, the reverend Gown, the Title of a Doctor, and a good fat Benefice into the Bargain are sufficient to refrain an ambitious Man from the further Search after unnecessary Riches; or withhold him from Complying with such mischievous Innovations, as perhaps may distress the Church, and shake Religion. For if Satan holds but up a sufficiently weighty Bag of Money in his Hand, the avaritious Miser, whether Priest, or Layman, has no Power to look low enough to see his Cloven Foot. The Sense of his Duty, is too weak to dissuade him from the alluring Temptation, till by gazing at the Bait he steps into the Reach of the old Serpent; as a Squirrel in admiring the Eyes of a Rattle-Snake is deluded by their Lustre to tumble into his Mouth. He is so given to change upon all profitable Occasions, that an honest Man wou'd be apt to guess, he steer'd his Course not by the Doctrine of the Church, but the little moving Engine on the Steeple: And if

he

he has the Knack of Scribbling, he is not content only to dishonour his Profession, injure the holy Church, and run the Hazard of Damnation for the prevailing Temptation of a large Benefice, but will add to his Impiety by specious sophistical Arguments and fallacious Reasonings, in order to delude others into the same Errors, that a more general Conformity to his temporizing Maxims may the better palliate and excuse his own heterodox and seditious Principles; for, instead of setting his Flock an Example of Lenity, Innocence, and Peace, he instructs them by his Practice, and restless ambitious temper to Sacrifice the most Sacred Things to their idolatrous Interest. His avaritious Nature makes him so highly flatter his own Merit, that he cannot easily content himself without a Bishoprick; and is firmly resolved that no State Revolution, or factious Imposition on the Church, if but under the Title of stanch Reformation, shall be any Obstacle in his way; for he is ready at all Times, to shake any Dissenter by the Hand, or extend his Conscience to the uttermost point of Union-Principles, or any Principles, that the Spirit of Division can introduce into the Church, provided he may but be sure of a *Cope* and *Miter*. For Interest alone is the grand Idol to which he bows; and rather then fail of it, he cares not what Profession be uppermost, provided he gains by it: Nor does he trouble himself about

bout the Episcopal Dignity, any further than it is beneficial to him ; for as for that Part of the Office which he finds unprofitable, he would not care Three-pence, if it was intailed on his poor Chaplains. However, if he has neither Subtlety, nor Cunning enough to climb into such high Ecclesiastical Authority, if any one could assure him of a *Salter's-Hall* Congregation, he is so tender a conscienc'd Shepherd and of that wonderful Moderation, that he would as soon preach a Farewel-Sermon to his Flock ; turn his Gown and Cassock, into a Dissenter's Cloak ; take the Oath of Abjuration against the adultrous Dress of the W—re of *Babylon* ; and fall downright to *Extempore* Prayer and Enthusiasm, rather than let slip such a favourable Opportunity.

He is an excellent Artist at the Solution of all Cases of Conscience ; he weighs not the doubtful Point by the Ballance of Reason, but by that of Interest, judging all the Scruples of a tender Mind, that struggle in Rebellion with any of the Advantages or Pleasure of this Life, to be but whimsical Traytors to human Happiness and Freedom, and therefore ought without any more ado to be scorned and derided. He is an acceptable Comforter to a rich Man, who is desirous to know the Way to Happiness ; for he is sure to bid him keep all from the Poor and believe, that Riches and Authority are the high Road to Heaven. As if Tyrany, and not Divine Goodness was the Prime-Minister.

The greatest Sin he scares his Parishioners with is defrauding the Church, or rather himself of his Dues; and rather than not obtain the uttermost Farthing, he will scatter profusely his superfluous Money amongst the meaner Sort of Lawyers, than give one Farthing to the necessitous Objects of his Parish. In fine, Charity and Beneficence in a Pastor, with him are Popish destructive Principles, and tend to nothing but Disquiet of Families, and Dissolution of all Subordination, and wise Government so far *Matchiavel* more than Christianity rules his Conscience.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

WHEN Avarice the Soul has stain'd
With Gold's infatiate Lust,
Ne'er hope the Layman, Priest or King,
Will long continue just.

For whosoever Gold adores,
And after Money raves,
Will ruin, cheat, oppress, destroy,
And make Mankind his Slaves.

Inherent

*Inherent Shame for ever sticks
To his detested Name ;
For tempting Riches who will quench
The sacred Love of Fame.*

*Above the sordid Earth how shou'd
His grov'ling Passions rise ;
Or Soul assert it's native Right,
And claim the azure Skies ?*

*Religion's hallow'd Flame grows dim
In a corrupted Heart ;
'Tis God-like Virtue fills with Light
The Mind's immortal Part.*

*The Clergyman must sink in Vice
That's dazzled with the Rays,
And thinks more Beauty is in Gold
Than heav'ly Virtue's Blaze.*



C A P T A I N F L A S H ;
O R T H E
C O W A R D i n C O M M I S S I O N .

THO' his Friends and Money have
purchased him a Commission, and
Soldier's Livery ; yet he is so great a Lover
R 2 fo

of Peace in his own Nature, that he thinks to extend his Conquests over the Females, preferable to all the Glory of *Field-Battles*; and therefore hates the Deformity of his Body, least he should prove a *Scare-Crow* to the Fair Sex.

Nor was it the modest Assurance he entertain'd of his own Courage that spurr'd him on to the Choice of a Warlike Station; but that he had heard, how the *Ladies* are as great Admirers of *Heroic Scarlet*, as the feather'd Songsters are of the Spring's Bloom and Verdure, and that every *Venus* is willing to put her self under the Protection of a *Mars*.

Whilst it is his good Fortune to remain on this Side of the Water, in his native Country, he loses no Time in diversifying his Amours among all those Ladies who give him the least Encouragement, till by degrees he multiplies his *Mistresses* to the Number of a *Turk's Seraglio*; and perhaps not one of them all but has had as many humble Servants as he has Soldiers in his Company.

Tho' he has no Estate, he has the Ambition to live beyond his Pay, which he improves by Admittance into the *Cabinets* of kept *Mistresses*, with whom he always takes care to have a prevailing Credit; and so by borrowing Guineas, which he never pays, and taking of *Rings* and *Snuff-Boxes* in seeming Jest, which he sells in Earnest, he makes a decent Shift to swagger, and look big, above much braver Gentle-

Gentlemen in the same Post, who scorn to be guilty of such scandalous Actions.

When the Trumpet sounds, and he is forced to leave his *Down Bed*, and kind Ladies, sore against his Will, for long tiresome Marches, coarse Provisions, and a campaign Lodging, being very unwilling to publish his Cowardice to a whole Nation, he puts the best Countenance he can upon the odious Alarm; and after many Struggles in his effeminate Breast, he makes a hard Shift, betwixt Fear and Honour by the Help of good Claret to fortify his Mind with a Resolution strong enough, as he fancies to behave himself manfully, and boldly look Death and all its Terrors in the Face; tho' every Time he thinks seriously of its ghastly Spectre, he finds his Heart throb, and Knees tremble. At last, according to Order, he takes Shipping with his Men, and tho' he bullied them before, as if they were a Parcel of Scoundrels, and Beggars, brought up to nothing but stealing *Poultry*, and robbing *Hen-Roosts*, now he behaves himself to the poor Rogues in *Red* with that Familiarity and Tenderness, as if he valued them as the only Bulwark that could keep him *Shot-free*.

No sooner is he out at Sea, where the angry Waves with their foaming Heads, seem to threaten Destruction; but his Appetite to good salt Beef, and hard Bisket, is quite lost. When he has happily survived the imminent Dangers

gers of the Seas, and is safely landed on *Terra firma*, for a few Hours he seems a little comforted; but as soon as the Thoughts of *Sword, Ball and Gunpowder*, with the melancholly Apprehensions of *Blood and Wounds*, begin to terrify his Brains, he marches his Company with as much Leisure to the Camp, as a fearful Convict walks up the Hill to a Gallows; and grows so wonderful sick upon a near Approach of a sharp Engagement, that he is forced to be carried from his Tent to some neighbouring Village, and there puzzle the *Doctor* with some dissembled *Paroxism*, till the Action is over, which comfortable News revives his Heart, beyond the best of Cordials: So that he recovers Time enough to get a Furlong to embark for *England*, as soon as the Campaign is over; and by giving the *Doctor* a very generous Gratuity, has his dangerous Sickness confirm'd to his *Colonel*, in Excuse of his Cowardice; yet when return'd Home, has the Impudence to bluster like as brave a *Hero* as the best of them, and having industriously gather'd a good Account of the Battle, in every *Coffee-house* where he comes, is of twice the Service of a News-Paper, to the listening *Mechanics*, whilst they are sipping off a Dish of Chocolate.

And this is all the Advantage his Country receives from the *Martial Service* of such a blustering *Captain Flash*, who is much more fit to act the Part of a *Peacock*, and spread his

his Plumes in the calm Sunshine, than endure the Fatigues of a severe Campaign, or manfully sustain the Terrors of a Battle.

Therefore I would advise all such to lay Siege rather to the Fair Sex, than force their Nature beyond its Strength, to approach the dreadful Appearance of Swords and Guns.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*'T IS Virtue only can support
With gen'rous Thought the Heart ;
Who does mean Things will meanly think,
And act a Coward's Part.*

*How shou'd he meet, whose Soul's a Slave
Th' Approach of awful Death ;
Or in the glorious Field of War,
Resign for Fame his Breath ?*

*Earth must be scorn'd, and tempting Vice,
To raise a Soul so high,
Th' intrepid Hero justly claims
A Kindred with the Sky.*

*'Tis Immortality that makes
Us scorn this narrow Span,* *But*

*But Avarice and Lust debase
With Fears the Soul of Man.*

*Dare to be good, and then defy
The Cannon's dreadful Flame,
Death will unlock the Gates of Bliss,
And Honour crown your Name.*

*Immortal Laurels round your Tomb
Will spread his deathless Green,
And Trophies, Arms, and Nations freed,
Will fill the glorious Scene.*



T H E A V A R I T I O U S L A W Y E R.

HE is a voracious Monster, who, like the *Sea Leviathan*, encreases his Magnitude by devouring the lesser Fry of his Fellow-Creatures; yet he is so tame a *Wolf*, notwithstanding his Cruelty, that he suffers himself to be linked with a golden Chain to any prevailing Faction, at whose Command he always lies like a subtle Dog at the Feet of his Master, to annoy any Opponent that shall dare to place the least Stumbling-Block in the wicked Paths of his espoused Party.

His

His Brains are so confus'd by the vicious Desire of Riches, and Authority, and his Conscience so corrupted with the Rust of Interest, that rather than loose a profitable Post and be dissapointed of his Ends, he wou'd face about against the most lawful Proceedings to the Subversion of all Order, and good Government. by a close Application to that dark *Labyrinth*, the litteral Law, he has made himself a Master of all those little Turnings and Windings, in that intricate *Maze*, by which some Men are led out of the World and some Men out of their Estates, and the more Mischief he is able to do, the higher Value, his Party as well as himself sets upon his own Merits.

His Eloquence consists in tedious *Harangues*, empty *Circumlocutions*, and impertinent *Sarcasms*; which being glossed over with uncontroulable Confidence and invincible Audacity, are suffered often to prevail against right Reason, sound Judgment, Modesty and good Manners. He is a busy Gentleman of a double Capacity, who always goes guarded and loaded like a Bee in *May*; for he sucks Honey from his *Clients*, and has a Sting for his Adversaries; and his Tongues is like a Water Cock which he can turn both Ways, either *pro*, or *con*; tho' he has always so great a Regard to his own Interest, as to supply that Side with the greatest Constancy, who apply to him the ofteneſt, and never at-

tempt to touch the handle of the Cock but with a gilded Palm, which he is ready to bow to on all Occasions.

That which chiefly recommends him to the Favour and Esteem of an aspiring Faction is, the Proofs and Testimonies he has given, from time to time of the Pride of his Heart, the Violence of his Tongue, and his steady Adhesion to Interest ; knowing that such Brambles as abound most with Thorns and Prickles is the fittest Snare to entangle Sheep ; and tear the *Fleece* off the profitable Backs of that innocent Flock they design to devour, that they may cover themselves with the same Wool and disguise their woolfish Ferocity under the *Sheep's Cloathing*.

The Man that knows him, and hears him exercise his Lungs before a Court of Justice may easily guess at his Fee by the thundering Vociferation of his Mouth, and his modest Audacity ; for like the *Flyer* of a *Kitchen-Jack*, his Tongue always moves faster, or flower, just in Proportion to the weight of the Gold his Clients apply to it. One Ounce *Troy* Weight of the best Metal will make him bluster and rant like the great Orator *H——y*, but he who wou'd have his Cause calmly defended, must give him but a *Guinea* ; for he is such a scrupulous Retailer of his Eloquence, that he seems to measure it out at so much a Sentence, just as a *Linnen Draper* does his *Hollands* at so much

per

per Yard, and is wisely resolved never to hazard talking himself into a Consumption; unless he be largely paid for it.

He is always so intent upon the Severity of Justice, that he never cares to give the least Room for Christian Mercy; and is so great a Stranger to Compassion, that his Practices have assured the World, that he has had an Aversion to that Virtue from his Cradle; for he is deaf to every Consideration that brings not Money along with it; and loves to find in others the same rigour and Ill-nature he knows to be in himself, experiencing daily the most spiteful Persons, if they have but Riches, always prove the most profitable Clients.

He has an extraordinary Knack at worrying a Cause, as they call it, puzzling a Witness, and vilifying an Adversary that unfortunately falls in his Way; for if he can but catch him in the least Difficulty, his Tongue is always tipped with such impertinent Aggravations, that instead of modestly improving the Advantage that is given him, he cannot forbear bawling out such a Parcel of scandalous and oftentimes Invectives, that his Noise and Nonsense are more offensive to charitable Ears than a Clown's Courtship to a pretty Lady, and all this to gratify the inveterate Malice of some contentious Clients, who never make Choice of any other for their Agents, but such as will trample upon Conscience, abandon all Morality, and

dispense with the Rules and Precepts of Christianity to oppress and ruin those who have too much Honesty and too weak Avarice to strike in with their Measures, and commit great Evils for sneaking dishonourable Wages, tho' large enough to tempt any Mercenary in the World.

In fine, he is a Prostitute in his Heart, and would be jealous of a Knave who should be more hardened in Wickedness and Bribery than himself.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

BRIGH^T *Equity resembles God,
The God of boundless Love,
Happy those Souls by its fair Light
Who thro' Life's Ocean move !*

*Unerring Honour swells their Sails,
And Virtue crowns their Mind,
While Fame with loudest Praise attends
The Lovers of Mankind.*

*Like the bright Sun benign and warm,
They spread a clearing Ray,
And for such Merit's lengthen'd Breath,
The Poor with Ardour pray.*

Tis

*'Tis God-like to do Good, for Man
Was destin'd to that End,
To tread in Virtues shining Path,
And be to all a Friend.*

*How odious then Litigius is
Who spreads Debate and Strife,
And with the worst of Plagues, Revenge,
Embitters human Life :*

*To bounteous Candidus, unlike,
Whose Soul as pure as Light,
In Virtue takes Superior Joy,
And makes pale Sorrow bright :*

*By Principles refin'd delights
In being wise and good,
And by his gen'rous Acts reflects
An Honour on his Blood.*





T H E
CITY APPRENTICE,
 O R,
MECHANIC turn'd GENTLEMAN.

HE was bred a Tradesman, but according to the old Proverb, that, *Fools have Fortune*, he has accidentally left the Counter to jump into the Estate of a miserly Uncle, who has sent himself to the *Devil* by out-witing *Heirs*, cozening *Widows*, and defrauding *Orphans*, to leave the Fruits of his wicked Labours, to the unpolish'd Offspring of an illiterate Brother, who by the Dint of good Husbandry, together with the Advantage of a kind Landlord, and a profitable Farm, made Shift to send the Darling of the Family up to Town, to be bound an Apprentice to some eminent Tradesman; where behaving himself like a good sober Boy, and shewing all the hopeful Signs of a true niggardly Temper as well as the early Appearances of Industry, he carries such wonderful Favour with Alderman *Noodle*, his rich Uncle, that he never comes near

near the Shop, but he most bountifully bestow'd
 a *Penny* or *Two-pence* upon his Kinsman, and a
 great deal of good Advice into the Bargain,
 backed with abundance of large Promises, in
 case he proves but a good and obedient Servant
 to his Master, and a true Friend to himself,
 which the young Stripling so attentively
 listens to, that he daily increases in the old
Mammonist's Affection, (who, in a little Time,
 after his young favourite Nephew has shifted
 off the Yoke of his septennial Servitude) not-
 withstanding his Bags of Gold, falls a Sacrifice
 to the Worms, and leave all that he had scrap'd
 together over the *Devil's Back* to his joyful
 Kinsman ; who now disdaining all the grovel-
 ing Thoughts of Trade and Shop-keeping, is
 resolved to set himself up for a complete
 Gentleman ; believing, since Fortune has bless'd
 him with a plentiful Estate, that he can want
 nothing else, but *Whores*, *Hounds* and *Horses*,
 to qualify him as a *fashionable Rake*, and a ge-
 norous Benefactor to the Commonwealth,
 which chargeable Conveniencies being ready
 to procure with all Speed, he shifts off the
 Home-spun Deportment of a City *Plumb-
 picker*, and takes upon him the Character of
 a *Middle-sex Gentleman*, and because he would
 appear to be as good Flesh and Blood as other
 Rakes like himself, a Herald is consulted about
 his Arms, who to humour the Pride of the
 young *Upstart*, derives his Genealogy from the
 ancient Family of the *Wrongheads*, and sends
 him

him packing with *Three Woodcocks* for a Coat, and an *Owl* for his *Crest*, and away goes Beau *Shallow-wit*, as well satisfied with the Antiquity of his Family, as if it had been derived in a strait Line from *William the Conqueror*.

Hunting he looks upon to be so noble a Sport, that tho' he has a Pack of Dogs of his own, at Board-wages among his Tenants, yet he would not be tempted for half the Universe to live out of the Cry of my Lord M——'s Hounds, because he thinks it an Honour to be in such honourable Company. Therefore he is sure to strike in with them, least he should lose the Benefit of their charming Music, and the polite Conversation of some worn out Sportsman, of whose riding and drinking, his new Honour has told him more Stories, that ever tickled the Ears of Children concerning *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, by some superannuated Midwife or Nurse.

He is such a Beau on Horse-back, that he may easily be distinguished in the Field from the rest of his Companions, by the Blackness of his Boots, the Brightness of his Spurs, the Cleanness of his Gloves, and the neat Front of his Bridle; for he always looks as spruce when he mounts his Hunter for the Chace, as a finikin Bridegroom dressed out in all his Prim for the Marriage Ceremony. And were you to see him set out from his Stable Yard in all

all his neat Formalities, with a new Jockey-Whip, and all other fashionable Accoutrements of the *Bridle Order*, that you would think he was going to vie in Neatness with Sir *Courtly Nice*, and that even his Horse, by the Smoothness of his Coat lay in *Holland Sheets*, as well as his Master. Notwithstanding the Finery of himself and Galloper, a Man would imagine by his Talk he was so keen a Sportsman, that no one could out-ride him ; yet he would no more take a Gate for Fear of his Neck, or a Hedge to endanger the scratching his Boots or ruffling his Dress, than he would venture to draw a Sword in Defence of himself, or Service of his Country.

When he comes into Company, the Qualities of his Horse, the Truth of his Watch, the Lustre of his Diamond Ring, the Neatness of his Saddle, and the Excellence of its Maker, are the chief Topicks of his effeminate Impertinence ; and if any body wants to know the Prizes of any thing he carries about him, if they will but have Patience, he will certainly tell them without Enquiry.

But should a Person presume to ask him the Price of *Grocery*, notwithstanding he was brought up to it, he would take it as the highest Affront that could be put upon a landed Gentleman ; for nothing vexes the young worthless Upstart more, than to remind his Honour of the Slavery of his Seven Years Apprenticeship. T Should

Should a Letter be brought him without the Inscription of *Sir*, or *Squire* upon it, he would sooner forgive a Friend who should Rival him in the Favours of a Mistress, than so gross an Affront by such familiar Acquaintance.

The chief of his Conversation are Sportsmen, Jockies, and unsettled Rakes like himself, who delight in nothing but Hunting, Drinking, and Whoring, and never talk of any thing but what is as shameful as their Actions. He is frightened from Matrimony, by the Prostitutes that cull him, and the Lewdness of his Companions, who are always railing against the Female Sex, as staunch Misers do against the Knavery of Lawyers; tho' the former can no more do without their Doxies, than the latter without Knaves in the Practice of the Law. For were all *Moores* or *Talbots*, it would ruin all the miserly Villains in the World, for even Ingratitude would then be punish'd as it ought. As he was bred a Mechanic, tho' his Fortune is large, the Narrowness of his Education makes him averse to the Society of all well-bred Gentlemen; for the Discipline of the Paper and Packthread sticks so close in his Mind, that he has no true Taste of any Satisfaction or Enjoyment that soars above the Level of a bawdy Story, or intoxicating Bumpers. Gaming he has no great itch to, for want of understanding it; but is as lavish of his Money at a Horse-Race, as a kept Harlot is of her lewd Favours to her amorous Friend.

He

He has no other Arguments to back his idle shallow Discourses, and ridiculous Assertions, but his blustering Offers of extravagant Wagers ; which, if any will answer, he dares not lay, because he is sure of losing : For, like a talkative Traveller, he commonly reports what he knows to be false ; and, to strengthen the Matter, will frequently propose what he does not mean to stand by. Thus he hurries on Life like an unthinking *Libertine*, spending that like a *Fool*, which was got *knavishly*, till his Extravagance consumes his Riches, before he has spent his Days ; or, his Vices end his Days, e'er he has compleatly ruined his Estate,



POETICAL REFLECTION.

COULD Misers but foresee the *Waste*

Those worthless Wretches make,

Who are their Heirs they ne'er would damn

Themselves, for others Sake :

Could they but see them rant, and roar,

And squander Gold away,

O stupid we ! they'd cry, to pave

To Hell for Fools a Way :

Could they, I say, foresee this Scene,

With all its just Surprise,

Wou'd it not with deep Horror strike

Their Soul's confounded Eyes ?

But put the Case, Heaven's Law is such,

That ev'ry Man must see

The Consequence of his own Crimes,

What will their Misery be ?

Black Scenes of Guilt will rack their Souls,

And Heaven its Vengeance shed,

By Drop on Drop to endless Time,

On their devoted Head :

Nothing will e'er their Guilt attone,

Heaven's Fury have its Way,

And Floods of Light around them break

In Beams of painful Day.



THE

THE

SEVERE MAGISTRATE,
OR,
PROUD MAN in AUTHORITY.

HE is one of Pride's *Minions*, and placed in Authority in this World to put Honesty out of Countenance, and disturb the Quiet of Mankind. His highest Felicity is to oppose all above him, and oppress all beneath him: For he cannot look upwards, without envying others; or downwards, without despising them. He is so haughty in Authority, and so overbearing in his Office, that he is more dreaded by the Inhabitants of that Part of the Town where he lives, than an *Informing Constable* is by the *Gaming and Bawdy-Houses* in *Covent-Garden*.

He is so busy a Raker into other Men's Faults, that he may not improperly be called a *Scavenger* to the Laws; and is so glad of an opportunity to bury other People's Reputation under their own Rubbish, that he never suffers the least Failing to go unpunish'd (except it be his own

own Bribery and Corruption) if it lies but within the utmost Extent of the most severe Statute, which he always has as ready in his ill-natur'd Mind, as a School-Boy has his Accidence.

If an honest Man happens to be fuddled, and abuses the Watch, tho' it be the only Time in seven Years he has fallen a Victim to the Bottle, yet if the rascally Crew can but convict him of the Fact, his Pocket or his Person shall pay for it; notwithstanding his *Worship* will drown his Reason as well as another in a Bowl or a Bottle, and make himself so remarkably foolish to the whole Company he keeps, that they talk of his Stupidity and Ignorance wherever they go.

As to the *Country Justice* he is ambitious of being thought by all *superstitious* or *hypocritical* Christians, a *zealous* Suppressor of all Prophaneness and Irreligion; and is accordingly very industrious to detect and punish all such vicious Offenders, not thro' any virtuous Principles that his *Worship* can boast of more than his Neighbours, but rather to gratify the insulting Severity of his austere Temper. For there is not one Vice or human Frailty, but what he increases more by his own sinful Examples, than he discourages by all the Penalties he inflicts daily upon less Offenders: Nor is it long since one of his modestest Maid-Servants became a sudden swelling Evidence of his Probity and private Virtues; which made old Gouty Legs, his *Crony*,

Crony, envy him ever after. However, he is so trusty a *Magistrate* in the Execution of his Office, and so *staunch* a *Whig*, that he will punish (forgetting his own Failings) a young amorous Fellow, who happens to act indiscreetly in an unguarded Hour with a willing young Woman, and ride five Miles from his Parish Church to encourage a Meeting, or tender the Oaths to a poor *Nonjuring* Clergyman.

He is a great Upholder of that Statute which was made for the Preservation of *Game*, because he finds it such an excellent Preservative (as he would have it believed) against Idleness, that it keeps him from a Lethargy, or bursting with a Dropsey, for want of Conversation and Exercise with reasonable Men and Books; wherefore he is continually employed in taking away *Dogs*, *Guns* and *Nets*, and in binding over *Poachers* to *Quarter-Sessions*, and molesting *Farmers*, that he has no leisure for one generous Action in the whole Year; nor is there scarce a *Hare*, or *Partridge* to be seen three Miles round him, but one Time or another may be found at his Table,

To add to his other Qualifications, he is a curious Enquirer into the *lecherous Chronicle* of his District, and would send many a lusty young Fellow to the Wars, but that they are often begged off by his virtuous *Lucretia*, who always takes care to be informed of the whole Circumstances, and Merits of the Cause; and then

then her pitying Nature is such, that she would rather have his *Majesty's* good Subjects increased at Home, than slaughter'd Abroad. Thus his *Worship* rules like a *Turkish Prince* over his rural Neighbourhood, swaggers like a *Bully*, drinks like a *German*, huffs every Body, and is beloved by No-body.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

THE gen'rous Heart delights in Good,
And scorns a baughty Mind ;
The brave, by Truth and Honour sway'd,
To Mercy are inclin'd.

No Coward Guilt corrupts their Souls,
But, bright by Virtue's Love ;
They shine with Glory's mingled Rays
Like prosp'rous Stars above.

Their Influence benign around,
Spreads Happiness and Joy ;
And daily Acts of gen'rous Good
Their happy Life employ.

Blest

Blest Souls ! to imitate Heaven's Love,
 By being nobly good ;
 For only Virtue by its Pow'r
 Can dignify the Blood.

How base is Umbra then, who sees
 The tearful Orphan's Eyes ;
 And, void of Pity, calmly hears
 Neglected Virtue's Sighs.

He'll be the Object of Heaven's Wrath,
 As sure as God is just,
 Who can chaste Beauty's Tears despise,
 And Virtue stain with Lust.



U THE



T H E
EXTRAVAGANT HEIR.

WHILST seated at the University, under the severe Discipline of a careful *Tutor*, he receives the joyful News of the *old Gentleman's* Death, which proves as welcome a Surprize to the young Extravagant, as a Father's Proposal of an agreeable Match does to a buxom Daughter: No sooner is the sudden Gladness of his swelling Heart disguised with a melancholy Suit of fashionable Mourning, but he as hastily takes leave of the learned Society, the *College*; and with as much Alacrity as an insolvent Debtor does the close Confines of a comfortless Goal.

His first Journey is to the Mansion-House, to remove the lifeless Remains of his defunct Father, to the mouldy Ashes of his Ancestors; and no sooner has he ceremoniously got rid of paternal Relicks, and sent them packing to that venerable Dungeon, the vaulted Grave, to be a silent Companion with the Bones of *Progenitors*,

Progenitors, but the Servants are discharged, the *Manor-House* with the Lands adjacent turned into a Farm, and then up comes our raw young Gentleman to Town, with a rakish Resolution of enjoying all the sinful Pleasures of this wicked *Metropolis*, which constantly abound with all the Baits of Temptation, that the *Devil* himself can contrive to decoy unthinking Man from his Reason and Duty. The *City*, he thinks, (tho', God knows, he need not) too sober and regular for his Residence; and is apt to fancy by the Number of Churches, that it is too much like an University for a young Gentleman of his Taste to reside in, least he should be liable to the Remarks, or Reproofs, of such grave considerate Hypocrites, who are too avaritious to commit any Vice but what is pleasant without Cost, or profitable without Scandal. Therefore he prudentially takes Lodgings between the *City* and *Court*, in which middle Station, he thinks a young Heir may be a Libertine without Reflection, and rake on without the Tease of a friendly Reprehension.

When thus happily situated in the very Center of Iniquity, (where he must be lucky, if he discover a good Example once in a Twelvemonth, that may in the least divert the Bias of his impetuous Inclinations) he begins seriously to follow the Maxims of *Lucretius*;

for he is both the wisest Philosopher and Poet, in his own Opinion, and is resolved to deny himself nothing that may any ways gratify his youthful Fancy. His Lectures are now changed into polite *Fencing* and *Dancing*; his Studies totally neglected for the loose Conversation of prating *Beaux*, and rattling *Coxcombs*; and his sober Recreations despised, for the more refined Entertainments of *Drinking*, *Whoring* and *Gaming*. His Deportment he now copies from the affected Strut of some theatrical Hero, and foolishly imagines there is more Rhetoric in the swelled Bombast of a Stage-Monarch, than in all *Tully's Orations*.

When he is at the Play-House, a new Tune makes him as judicially nod his Head, as an angry Master does at a mistaken School-Boy; and he laughs more freely at the lewd Gestures and smutty Puns of a Stage Buffoon, than at the finest Stroke of Wit in a good Poet. And if a Lady of Pleasure but drop her Fan, he is sure to take it up with as much Satisfaction and Complaisance, as if she was a Duchess; and she, in requital, (by a little persuasive Gold) most kindly presents him with a *Clap*. Thus, for want of Discretion, he ruins his Health, rakes away his Youth, and squanders away his Money, till he has wasted his Estate, and brought himself to an early Repentance.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

THE bounteous Heart resembles God,
- Imparting ev'ry where
Beneficence, like the Sun's Beams,
Throughout all Nature's Spbere.

How glorious to diffuse around
Serenity and Love,
And by a Series of kind Deeds,
A public Blessing prove.

'Tis noble, and deserving Fame,
To act a gen'rrous Part ;
Beneficence extends with Joy
The conscious blissful Heart.

The virtuous Breast elate by Worth
Can earthly Dross despise ;
Ambitious only of God's Love
Its Treasures in the Skies.

But when Vice squanders Gold away,
That should relieve the Poor,
No wonder Heaven in Anger sends
Pale Misery to the Door.

With

With Horror fills the guilty Breast,
 And racks the Nerves with Pain ;
 And proves to base reluctant Man,
 No Villainy is Gain.



THE
PROMISING GENTLEMAN:
 OR,
FASHIONABLE FRIEND.

HE is your *verbal* humble Servant on all Occasions, wherein you have no need of of him ; and is so very forward of his Promises to serve you, when you have no want of his Assistance, that his warm Expressions of sincere Friendship are enough to persuade an unwary Person that he is truly sincere ; or, in other Words, that his *Hipocrisy* is *Integrity*. He never meets you, but he gripes your Hand with as much seeming Sincerity, as if he had a mind to incorporate his own Flesh and Blood with yours, thro' an Affection to your Person ; and

and has his Tongue always tipp'd with as many insinuating *Flatteries*, as if he had chosen you as Men do their *Mistresses*, to be the Source of their earthly Happiness.

As long as he finds he can preserve your good Opinion of him, he will haunt and follow you as a Shadow does a Substance ; and endeavour to persuade you that he is never easy but in your *agreeable Company*. Should he die first, a single Man (in which State he always hopes, as he says, to keep himself) you are the only Person he would certainly chuse for his sole Heir and Executor ; which endearing Promise he frequently repeats, to engage you to a like Protestation ; and then he thinks he stands a fair chance to be the happy Survivor. His Pocket is always at your Service, so far as a *Debauch* may require ; but for once that he lends, he will borrow twice : For he is so very prudent, that he never does one Courtesy but he will exact two for it.

His Money, which he values next to his Heart's Blood, he seemingly has but a light Opinion of, that you would think he esteemed it no more than a little *worthless Dross*, which he knew not the Use of, but by throwing it away needlessly ; tho' his only Design is all the while to encourage you to be careless of your Pocket, that it may be the freer in his own Incroachments, when he wants the *Loan* of some

some considerable Sum, to do him Service upon some special Occasion ; hoping, that at some Time or other he may better his Fortune by your friendly Assistance, which is the principal Drift of all his cringing Adulation and artful Flatteries.

If you happen to rise to any Public Office, or profitable Post, he will stick as close to you upon the Title of Friendship as the Ivy does to the Oak, or a Snail to a Cabbage Leaf. But if you happen to meet with *Misfortune* and *Calamity*, he prudently withdraws Intimacy, and will scarce find Leisure to pay you an ordinary Visit, till the Storm be blown over ; or, if he has the Politeness to condole your unkind Luck, if you hint you should be glad of a little Redress of your Circumstances from his Pocket, he has pre-arm'd himself with so many Excuses on that Side, you might ask a *Miser* for a Sum of Money without good *Security* and large *Interest*, as to work upon such a *Sycophant* to do you the least disinterested Service.

But if he only finds you afflicted with *Sickness*, and wanting *no Money* to support the Ex-pences of the *Physical Tribe*, &c. he will give you as many Testimonies of his Concern as an ardent *Lover* makes Protestations to a shy *Mistress* : And, if your Life is in Danger, he will beg with Tears in his Eyes your *Watch*

or

or *Diamond Ring* to keep for your Sake, that when ever he looks upon those melancholy Pledges of Amity they may renew his Grief to deplore the Loss of so true a Friend.

But if he chances to be raised himself by the *Dotage of blind Fortune*, the *Flexibility* of his *Temper* of a sudden becomes so remarkably altered, and his former *Deportment* changed, that the Height of his *Advances* may be easily measured by the *Degrees of Variation* from his old *Familiarity*. For you will now find the *fawning Humility* and conformable *Acquiescence*, which you mistook before to be friendly *Facetiousness* to be vanished into *peremptory Haughtiness*, and such a *careless indifference* towards his *dear Friend*, that you would think almost the *supreme Power* that first made him, had *metamorphosized* his *Soul*, as well as bettered his *Condition*.

When thus elevated to his *Meridian*, if he has any thing in his *Disposal*, which he is well satisfied you would gladly accept of, tho' you make your *Application* never so timely, you may rest under *Affurance* of being too late, or last served, because he will imagine you expect it as a *Piece of Friendship*, and that he cannot make his best *Market* with such an *amicable Chapman*.

Thus by backing his *Ingratitude* with fifty *Falsities*, he excuses the *Matter*, and so after several *political Slights* and *Neglects*, he dwindle

dles into, Sir your most obsequious Servant, till at length all prior Obligations are totally lost in Oblivion.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

Friendship, thou sacred Name profan'd,
the Villain's meer Pretence,
Thou hast a Substance, but 'tis found
Only in Men of Sense.

Of Sense and Virtue, both I mean
Who nobly soar above
The Interests of this World below,
To imitate Heaven's Love.

Godlike heroic Souls they are,
That dare be singly good ;
And if the World shou'd frown, the Muse
Will consecrate their Blood.

Villains are Reptiles of a Day
That crumble into Earth ;
'Tis Heaven-born Virtue only gives
To Mortals endless Worth.

The

*The Skies themselves exult to see
 An honest, generous Man,
 Eternity in View displays
 And bid him scorn Life's Span.*

*Thus Moore for Equity renown'd
 Despis'd the Fear of Death,
 And dauntless by his Virtue arm'd
 To Heaven resign'd his Breath.*

*A vicious World in vain oppos'd
 The Purpose of his Mind ;
 And full of Love to all he dy'd
 Benevolent and kind.*

*Thus Hardwick by strict Honour sway'd
 Is to Corruption blind ;
 For Equity declares the Judge,
 The Friend of all Mankind.*

*In vain in his just Virdict's would
 Chicanery find a Flaw ;
 For Orphans and glad Widows smile
 At Knaves and wretched Law.*





THE
DIGNIFY'D LIBERTINE;
OR,
MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

HE is generally matched by his Parents, whilst young, to some tender puny Heiress of *Quality*, or to the homely Offspring of some avaritious *Alderman*, (for the valuable Consideration of her Fortune) whose awkward Deportment, disagreeable and foolish Temper, with other Imperfections, are so far from being proper to inflame and fix the Heart of a Lover, and keep honest a youthful amorous Husband, that they are rather *Antidotes* to that Love and Harmony, which must preserve the Happiness of a married Life. So that he is no sooner entered into the *Nuptial Fetters*, and the pleasing Thoughts of his Bedfellow's Virginity vanished with the Blessing, but his amorous Inclinations begin to wander from his *lawful Bride*; who, in a little Time (for want of

of Charms) is esteemed a Curse much rather than a Blessing.

Thus, soon turning his Back with abundance of Indifference on his *Matrimonial Enjoyment*, he begins to visit the *Opera* and *Playhouse*, with the loose Desire of gratifying his Warmth and vigorous Blood, with some obliging Lady of more agreeable Beauty and Conversation; and setting himself up for a fashionable Lover of new Faces, is readily decoyed by *false Brilliants*, *borrow'd Looks* and *deceitful Hearts*, to make repeated Breaches of his *Marriage Obligations*, till at last he becomes famous for a *Man of Honour* among all the intriguing Ladies of Quality, that have no Shadow of Merit, but their Faces and Equipages.

The next Thing, to compleat his Honour's Intrigues, is a trusty Confident, recommended by some Bosom Friend to his Livery; one that has been a Foot-boy from twelve Years of Age (under some kept *Madam*) to the State of Maturity in Lewdness and Lying; who, with an invisible Conveyance, can cunningly deliver a *Billet-doux*, and indefatigably pimp in all difficult Cases; where, for the deceiving a *Husband*, or blending a *Rival*, his Assistance may be requisite.

No sooner is his worthy Character spread thro' the Theatres, &c. but every Evening in the Green-Boxes the *Bawds* flutter about him, like so many Change Brokers about an eminent Merchant;

Merchant ; and every one, to be sure, has a most beautiful Blossom at his *Honour's Service* ; for they know he will use the poor believing Creature kindly (as they tell him) to get him to fling away twenty or thirty Guineas for an imaginary *Bauble*, which was given away in dirty Rags (for a Shilling) to a *Bailiff's Follower*, e'er the pretty-faced Baggage had an Opportunity of changing her *Apple-Stall Tatters* into *Silks and Fringes*.

Matrimony now is of no further Use to him, but the Augmentation of his Estate ; and of no other Benefit to his Lady, but to restrain her Liberty ; unless she has the Resolution (which most Women have in this amorous Age) to soften her Misfortunes by a reciprocal Use of the same gay *Freedoms*.

By a Habit of Incontinence and Inconstancy, he becomes so universal a Lover, that the best of his Days and the Vigour of his Youth are employed in the ruining of some, the cuckold-ing of many, the Prejudice of his Health, and the Scandal of his *Honour* ; that it is almost as dangerous for a pretty Girl to trust herself in his Family in the Station of a Servant, as it is to become Chamber-Maid to Mrs. *V—l*, or to a Bawd at a *Bagnio* ; for his Lust, through Custom, grows so very predominant, that he cannot look upon a fresh Face that is any ways inviting, but his Heart shall be inflamed with so passionate a *Concupisence*, that he can no more content

content himself without a hot Pursuit of the new *Spangle*, than a *Moth* at Night can forbear burning his Wings in the shining Candle. Thus his *Honour* ranges like a brute Beast over the wide Field of *Lust* and Uncleanness, till Age and Diseases put an End to an infamous, scandalous, diabolic Life.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

WHEN Money dignifies the Knav.

He then may rant and wh—re;
It is not Vice, or Infamy,
The Crime is— being poor.

Get Money, and in Vice be bold,
Fair Modesty deride :
Take a decrepid Jilt with Gold,
Or arrant Scold for Bride.

In fine, the glorious Path pursue,
So many Misers frod :
Trample on Mercy, Justice, Truth,
And make your Gold your God.

The

The World your Wisdom will applaud,
And celebrate your Fame ;
And, but a Poet, none will blot
With Infamy, your Name.

A Poet ! worthless Thing ! the Knavish
And crafty Bigot cry ;
But Poets were, and are so still,
The Fav'rites of the Sky.

Poets, who scorn to pleasure Fools,
But love a candid Mind ;
Such Poets as can Earth despise,
Are of cœlest Kind.

A David thus pleas'd God, whose Praise
On Wings of Sacrifice,
With Melody of Angels round
Ascended the bright Skies.



THE



THE
TEMPORISING PRIEST:
OR,
RELIGIOUS ZEALOT.

HE pretends greatly to Religion, just as some Whores do to Abundance of *Modesty*, if not absolute *Virginity*; not thro' any real Affection to its Precepts, but to put a Gloss upon his Villainies, as the other by her Words and reserved Looks hope to do upon their lesser Vices; and as the mercenary *Strumpet* generally proportions her Love to her Interest, and is most liberal of her worthless Favours to those Fools she gets most by; so the sanctified *Deluder*, always seems most devout among those People he designs to bubble; and, with a demure Countenance, tips the Member of *Hypocrify* with the most Scripture, when he designs the most knavishly to deceive you. And what Wonder, when he does not believe its evident Truths? He preaches up Conscience,

Y

just

just as the *Fanatics* do Moderation, *viz.* that others may deal with that Moderation towards him, which he himself will use to nobody.

He abounds with Loyalty, just as *Bow-Bells*, of the *Tower-Guns*; for he can welcome in an *Oliver*, as well as a lawful, merciful, generous *King*; and make himself as noisy upon every Revolution, as if there could be no Change upon Earth but what was of Heaven's sending. Tho' he loudly pretends to be a Stickler for Liberty and Property, and roars like a *Lyon* about the Welfare of his Country, yet he makes no Conscience of cheating the Government of its just Taxes, the Widow of her Dowry, the Orphan of his Fortune, or the Church of her Tythes; as if he scarce allow'd any of these to be Members of our National Community, or that he thought it no more Sin to sacrifice their Rights to his own Avarice, than it was to seal up his *Bags* from the Fingers of his Wife, or to lock up his *Cupboard* from his own Servants.

If he can but once squeeze himself into a pecuniary Post, in spite of all the Religion this *modern Saint* professes, he will carefully preserve such a finister Communication betwixt his Legerdeemain Tricks and his Pocket, that the Fear of Detection will no more keep him honest, than the Love of God will make him charitable; yet, the better to deceive the World, and raise himself high in the Estimation of knavish

knavish *Saints* like himself, he is always canting in public Company about saving Grace and a new Creature, but never clearly mentions the Necesity of those Virtues which he never designs to practise, such as Mercy, Benevolence, Justice, Patience, Long-suffering, Generosity, Magnanimity, and above all the pure unspotted Love of God.

His avaritious Soul is so deeply touched with the Love of Riches, that instead of pointing to Heaven, it always stands as fixt to Worldly Interest, as the *Needle* of the Compass to the *North-Pole*. He bows, like a true *Mammonist*, to no other Idol but *Wealth*; and confides in no other God, but his beloved *Money*. When the *Saints* soar high upon the Wings of Moderation, or rather Neglect in a lukewarm Age, he models his Devotion according to the reigning Fashion of the pretended Righteous; but, if they forfeit once their Liberty, by their Arrogance and enthusiastic Pride, he can then change his Countenance as the *Camelion* does its Colour, shake off the feigned *Symbols* of modern Purity, and dress himself up as much like an honest Man, as if he had never dissent-ed from the true Church and a good Con-science.

He is just as punctual to his Word, as a *Whore* to a *Assignment*; but is never without the *Cunning*, to take care, how he ever makes a Promise to his best Friend, except he is sure

to be a Gainer by it ; so that all his boasted Regularity, and exact Performances, are, in short, no more than an artful Attendance to his own Interest.

The Affection of his Heart is under a triangular Division, between the *Bank*, the *Exchequer*, and the *East-India Company* ; for, upon all profitable Emergencies, his Riches are roll'd in among them, that his mercenary Bags may gather like a Snow-Ball ; and, wherever he ventures his Wealth, his Soul is still hovering about the Place, just as it is said the restless Ghost of a dead *Miser* haunts the Field where he has buried his *Gold* in a *Butter-Pot*, that he may not want Money, like (a prudent Statesman) to fee his Counsel in the Day of Judgment. But if a Penny would save an indigent Brother from the Teeth of a *Statute*, or the Claws of *Satan*, he would not part with it without good Security, and an unreasonable *Premium*. In fine, after all, he will talk to the ignorant with as much seeming Conscience, and wrangle as heartily in Defence of Religion, as if he was ready to die a *Martyr* for his Faith ; tho' there is not a Day he lives, but he is in fact a Scandal to it, and Humanity.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

A Priest to be a Slave to Wealth,
 Denotes he is a Knav;
 Who offers Sacrifice to Heav'n,
 Should be sincere and brave;
 The cringing Sycophant's a Tool,
 Tho' he Heaven's Seal pretend;
 The virtuous Man alone deserves
 A noble glorious End.

But Knaves—how should they higher soar,
 Than some Terrestrial Gain?
 For Villains think all Qualities
 Which bring not Lucre, vain.

Vengeance divine depends o'er those
 Who bear upon their Breast;
 Or should Heaven's Ensign, yet can see
 Its favorite Fink opprest.

Let such know this, Heav'n's Power decrees
 Of Men a better Race,
 Whose Virtues will the Sun outshine,
 And brighten Nature's Face :

No

No Superstition then shall rule
 The honest, gen'rous Mind;
 But all shall know the Deity
 Beyond Conception kind.



MR. FRIBBLE;
 OR, THE
 SELF-ADMIRER.

HE is the Milk-sop *Progeny* of some finical effeminate Father, who begot him betwixt sleeping and waking, much more to perform the Matrimonial Duty as a Task, than a free Act of Pleasure and warm Affection; and dying, left this hopeful Fruit of their *Nuptial Servitude* to the Mother's Care, who, by her effeminate Fondness, has made him all Woman, except some Distinction of Sex in *Bodies*. He has a plentiful Estate, but lives a single Gentleman, for no other Reason but because he is so conceited of his own

own rare Merits, that he could never find a Woman he thought was worthy of him.

Notwithstanding he has so little in his Person, or Parts, to recommend him to any Body's liking but his own, that should an *Indian Baboon* be as nicely dressed with a fair Wig and a fashionable Suit of Clothes, I am certain a Lady who should see them together, would be apt to take them for *Twins*; yet the ill-favour'd Ass is so great an Admirer of his own Imperfections, that the Fop's Dressing-Room is lined through with Looking-Glasses, that let him turn his Eyes whatsoever Way he will he may still be in Sight of his own lovely Appearance.

The Lineaments of his Face are so remarkable, that, to oblige the Ladies, I shall modestly describe them, without the least Improvement. He has the Forehead of a *Monkey*, the Eyes of an *Owl*, the Nose of a *Negroe*, the Mouth of an *Alligator*, and the Chin and Lanthorn Jaws of an old preaching *Fanatic*; and all these inclosed within the Curl of a nice *Toppée*, made into the newest Fashion by *Monsieur B—y*, Wig-Maker in Ordinary to the *Beaus* and *Bullies* round *Coyent-Garden*,

Besides the extraordinary Symmetry of his bewitching Countenance, he is as slender in the Waist as if his Mother had been so finely shaped, that she had spoiled his manly Growth; or that she had kept him swathed till he was twenty years old before Discovery.

ty Years old, for fear he should be taken for an *Alderman*,

And, to add another Advantage to his excellent Proportion, he has the Honour to stand upon such a fashionable Pair of Legs, that you would guess by their Size he was the Spindle-thank'd Offspring of some polite *Beau*, who had wore himself out in the Ladies Service.

And if all these graceful Ornaments are not sufficient to make some beautiful Lady sacrifice her Chastity and Modesty to so compleat obliging a *Coxcomb*, I shall further recommend to her the Graces of his Mind, and Politeness of his Breeding ; and if these combined with the former will not charm her into a languishing Condition, she may keep her Love to herself, till she can die for somebody that she thinks more deserving.

As to his Wit, it is so very admirable, that there is not a new *Pun*, or a *Playhouse* jest, but what he has as ready at his Tongue's End, as a young *Bulley* has his fashionable Oaths ; or a pert *Harlot*, her smutty Stories. And as for his Courage, it is chifly shewn in pinking the Backs of Tavern Chairs, and in beating of his own Footmen, which they bear with Patience, because he never forgets to give them a Plaister.

His Generosity is such, that it never extends to any but his Flatterers ; and those that can find out a new Grace in him shall never fail of a Reward for their notable Discovery. As for his

his Learning, it consists in the Title-Pages of new Pamphlets ; for he thinks Reading to be the Drudgery of a *Scholar*, or the Diversion of a *Peddler*, but beneath a Gentleman. Tho' he is very conversant with the fair Sex, and a mighty Man among the Ladies, he only rivals them in their own Vanity, and Fashions ; and as they hope to be admired by him, so the Fool fancies they are his Admirers ; but if they were, they might ease their Passion with their solitary Sighs, for he has too cool a Sense of *Female Favours* to prefer it to his own Self-Admiration.

Yet this *Animalcule* of a vigorous polite *Debauchee* will set himself off for a great Corrupter of the fair Sex, and shine out in Splendor and Equipage, not to mention the unwary Freedoms the fair Sex give him, whom, if they treated as he deserved, they would scarce permit to wipe their Shoes. And, since he was born in a lucky Minute, his propitious Stars have placed him so high above the Heads of Thousands, that the much wiser *Mob* pay their humble Respects to this *Idol*, who glories in his Ignorance, as well as Vices.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*Self-Lovers vain of ev'ry Sort
 Adorn this fruitful Isle,
 In various Shapes and different Forms :
 They'd make a Bigot smile.*

*The Beau pretends to Sense refin'd
 With a soft gentle Air,
 And idolizing the loose Sex,
 Would captivate the Fair :*

*But his dear Self the Gugaw is
 The glitt'ring Insect loves ;
 The Breast by Pride and Folly fill'd,
 A trifling Passion moves :*

*He only means to wed the Dame,
 That can shine out in State ;
 And Beauty, next his own, believes
 A bright Buffet of Plate.*

*Rich gilded China too may share
 A Part in his Desire ;
 But in his Heart ne'er hope to light
 Love's strong immortal Fire.*

Such

*Such Nature's Eunuchs then despise,
Ye Fair ! who merit Praise ;
And chuse the gallant Man of War,
Or Poet's deathless Bays :*

*They only will your Worth esteem,
Who act a gen'rrous Part ;
But never hope for Gratitude
From a mean grov'ling Heart.*



T H E
FALSE RELATION :
O R,
FASHIONABLE FRIENDSHIP.

HE is a Person who has laid it down to himself, as the most rational of all Maxims, to found all his Actions upon Interest. For this he can neglect all the most solemn Ties of Nature and Gratitude : In fine, stifle every Sentiment of his Heart that would incline him to Mercy, Pity, or the least Compassion, if he can but increase his Store by it, or

gratify one base Passion. He will look as coldly upon the Person's Face who has been the Making of him, or has saved him from Ruin, as if he were a meer Stranger to him; if he apprehends he will force his Modesty so far as to ask a Favour of him. Tho' he be his Brother, it matters nothing; for the Obligations of *Gratitude*, or Duties of *Consanguinity* are meer airy Notions in his Opinion, which were first invented by the weaker or distressed, that they might be asisted by the powerful and prosperous. But he is too wise to listen to the Whispers of Humanity, or heed the Reproaches of a tender Conscience.

He really believes every Man's Fortune depends on his own Management, and that none are unhappy but the weak and virtuous. In a word, such is his Steadiness in these Principles, that he laughs at those who are of contrary Sentiments, and stigmatises them with all the popular Terms of Calumny, as Bigots, Fools, disaffected Persons, &c. and so thinks he stands acquitted from all the Ties of Honour, Gratitude, and every Bond of human Nature.

Such is *Fictitius*, tho' he had been obliged in the most critical Circumstance, and in the most generous friendly Manner, by one of the nearest Relations; yet that very Person was no sooner unfortunate by unforeseen Accidents of others Malice, and his own Mistakes, but *Fictitius* withdrew his Freedom with him, put on

a distant Air, endeavour'd to cancel his indelible Obligations by Falsities, pleaded the Prudence of mercenary Souls; and tho' the other had saved *Fictitius* from the most probable Ruin, would never assist his Friend in his honest Endeavours to get the better of his Adversity, but like a true Miser, nay worse, upbraided him with his Misconduct, and took the Part of some of the basest of Mankind, because they were his Friend's Enemies. This is the *Heroic Flight* of modern Ingratitude. Posterity must certainly be benefited by the Example, and begin already to feel the hopeful Effects of it.

How unlike is this to the Practice of an honest Quaker, who, because he had been raised in the World by the Assistance of one of a quite different Religion, yet parted his Fortune with him, when the other was fallen to Decay, and lived in the most social Manner with him to his dying Day. I have endeavoured to express their Happiness in the following Verses.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*S*Acred is Honesty to Heav'n,
Tho' free unbounded Love
Is the Prerogative of God,
Goodness is blest above.

Great

Great as the Heaven's of endless Space,
God fills that Space with Light ;
For, swell'd with Rapture, ev'ry Breast
Is by his Radiance bright :

Immense that Bliss, the Gift of God
To his own chosen Friends ;
How happy is that glorious Man,
Who answers Nature's Ends.

'Tis he, who meanly's oft despis'd
By a degen'rare Race ;
The honest Man's the Friend of God
Throughout the World's wide Space.

Fair shine your Souls in Fame's bright Sphere,
Ye mixt, ye gen'rous Minds ;
Virtue, by the Decree of Heav'n,
Its own Resemblance finds.

Immortal be their Names above,
Who never Virtue sold
For all the Blaze of Western Mines,
But smil'd at tempting Gold.

What social Raptures must you know,
When your Soul's bright as Day
Did in full Pleasures blend your Hearts,
And mutual Love display.

Farewel

Farewel—Who bids farewell to such?

*May all the blest above
Resent Indiff'rence shewn to those
Who imitate God's Love.*

*Oh! good and happy, if my Muse
A deathless Life would give,
Enshrin'd to all succeeding Time
You in my Verse should live.*



THE
WORTHY PATRIOT:
OR, THE
TRUE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

HE is a peaceful Counsellor in a calm Reign, that never desires to increase his Riches by the Disquiet of a Kingdom; but always labours, with a loyal Heart to stem the Fury of any Faction who oppose their Prince, disturb the Nation, or undermine a just Government. He is a safe Pilot in a Land-Storm, who steers by his Conscience, and makes unspotted Honour

nour the true Touchstone of all his Actions. He has too great a Soul to depend on Flatterers for a public Character ; but makes his Virtues known by his own generous Deeds, without being beholden to a *rhiming Sycophant*, for his dull fulsome Dedications ; or, still duller Verses. For he thinks it the only true Honour, to have his Actions stand every impartial Man's Test, which he values more than without it to be esteemed the profusest *Mæcenas* of the Age. For whoever does heroic Actions, delights to be rationally praised ; and none but narrow Souls hate good Poets.

In a word, he cannot by popular Applause be courted to do a bad Action, nor frightened by popular Rage from doing a good one ; for in every Thing he does, he has a regard to his Prince's Honour and Safety, the public Welfare, and his own Integrity ; from which Principles he will never swerve to flatter a Tyrant, please a Faction, or raise even a good Prince above the Laws, or bring a bad one unmercifully to Death ; but endeavours to preserve the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Obedience of the Subject to such a flourishing Equality, that one neither grows too great nor the other too little.

Tho' his Soul is magnanimous, his Mind noble, and his Courage daring, yet his Ambition never soars above the Limits of Religion ; for that which other great Men so often sacrifice

fice to their Interest, he plants about his Soul as the best Inclosure to keep his Appetite within Bounds, and secure his Virtue from the Danger of his spiritual Enemies, that hunt like roaring Lions, seeking whom they may make Cowards of, and devour. For he is not so mean-spirited, as not to think he stands related to Infinity. He is never desirous of much Trouble, for the Sake of great Riches; but is rather content to lead a quiet Life upon his own plentiful Estate, than improve his Patri-mony by impoverishing his Prince, or oppressing his Country. Nor is he covetous of more Power, for the Sake of the Profit, than he knows how to make a wise use of to the Honour of the Crown, and the universal Good of the Kingdom; but whatsoever Authority he pleases to accept of, he is so careful to manage with commendable Exactness, and unspotted Integrity, that it is not in the Power of any envious Tongue to stain his Conduct with the least probable Calumny.

The greatest Honours and the highest Preferments can never raise him beyond the Remembrance of his frail Mortality; for, notwithstanding his Grandeur, he is always free of Access, and treats even Inferiors with that winning Affability, as if he was ever thoughtful in spite of worldly Distinction, that in a little Time the Grave (as certainly it will) must make them his Equals. Tho' his Birth

is noble, his Power great, and his Estate answerable, he has too much Goodness to look upon any Thing beneath him with Contempt, except an ill *Man*, a loose *Woman*, or a base *Action*. For his Designs are too honest to have occasion for the first; his Continence too strict to need the second; and his Honour too sacred to give Encouragement to the third.

As his Fortune is large, so is his Hospitality; for his *Quality* and *Estate* are much more visible in his House-keeping, than in the Decorations of his *Coach*, and the Richness of his *Liveries*; which is at best but mean Grandeur, and fit to please Women and Children.

As he is bountiful to his Friends, and liberal to his Neighbours; so is he generous to his Servants, and charitable to the Poor: Nor does he ever neglect to do one good Office that can be modestly ask'd, or reasonably performed. His Affections to his virtuous Lady, and his Lenity to his dutiful Children, are so equally engaging, that none can distinguish whether he be the loving Husband or kinder Father; nor can they need more than his own Example to instruct them in their Duty.

His Sports and Recreations are suited to his *Quality*, rather than his *Appetites*; for he always keeps the *Man* in Subjection to the *Lord*, that the Corruption of Nature may never fully his Dignity. The Majesty of his Person, the Awfulness mix'd with Sweetness of his Looks,

the

the Wisdom of his Words and Gravity and Propriety of his Utterance, are sufficient at all Times to demand a Reverence without Equipment or Attendance.

For his Deportment is a better Indication, he is a *Nobleman*, than by his *Arms* or his *Coronet*; for in the former you may read the Excellencies of the Man, but in the latter the Achievements of his Family.

Tho' he never neglects his Duty to his Sovereign, yet he loves a Retirement to his Country-Seat, which he enjoys as often as the Commands of his Prince and the Business of the Nation will give Leave, preferring both to his own private Satisfaction. He scorns to be governed, by the Humour of the Public, to the Detriment of his Country; and would rather chuse to fall a *Martyr*, than live a *Traitor*.

He hates the Countenance of a *Hypocrite*, under a broad brimm'd Hat; and abominates the Broachers of all strange ungrounded Doctrines, as the Forerunners of some Calamity. Whoever has the Honour to be acquainted with him, will always find him the same Man, tho' possess'd of an endless Variety of Conversation; for he is so far from being subject to any Giddiness of Principles, that the Rules and Principles by which he wisely governs his Breast, are as unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Perians*.

In a word, he is a wise *Counsellor*, a faithful *Subject*, a trusty *Friend*, a generous *Enemy*; quick of Projection, firm of Resolution, and speedy in Dispatch; has the Head of a *Philosopher*, the Heart of a *Christian*, and the Hand of a *Hero*; for he thinks wisely, designs honestly, and executes boldly, nor fears Misfortune under the Guidance of such Motives.



POETICAL REFLECTION.

*HOW bles'd and noble is the Soul,
By God-like Love refin'd;
True Excellence alone exists
In a bright heav'nly Mind.*

*When Virtue authoris'd State,
And a fair Soul displays,
Perfection crown'd by Innocence
Emits a Flood of Rays.*

*Inferior Merit's struck with Awe,
And stoops its humble Head,
While Vice and Villainy in spite
Of Art, are fill'd with Dread.*

For

For still superior Virtue's Charms
 Appear unrival'd fair ;
 And Baseness lifts its dazzled Eyes
 To close them in Despair.

Such Pow'r heroic Virtue has
 Mix'd with the vulgar Train ;
 For Heav'n with its own Arm protects
 The Breast without a Stain.

For when the virtuous Heart thro' Love
 Risks ev'n its vital Blood,
 Can it deserted be by Heav'n,
 Which is supremely good ?

No ; should Earth to its Center shake,
 And Skies in Ruin fall,
 Heav'n's Power its Fav'rites would protect,
 And crush the guilty Ball.

The End of the SECOND PART.



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CIVIL and MILITARY ARCHITECTURE:

As likewise

The intire SURVEY of a Place with its par-
ticular Charts, and the Description of Provinces,
States, Kingdoms, Empires, &c.

A Work absolutely necessary for the Gentleman, Officer,
and Architect.

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